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REPRESENTATION AND LEGISLATION.

THERE is a subject which, though far from new to intelligent men, so rarely finds its way into printed discussion that it is scarcely possible to take it up in any journal without being certain of addressing some few people at least who have never considered it or even heard of it. In spite of the efforts made, and more or less making and to be made by the House of Commons, to devolve some of the work it has been accustomed to do upon other shoulders, the proceedings of the new Parliament will be more voluminous than those of any other Parliament before. There will be more people and more talking than ever; and there is no reason to believe that the coming House will have the fear of the Flood before its eyes any more than the last. Under these circumstances one not unnaturally thinks afresh of an old though by no means worn topic, which occupies a prominent place in Mr. Mill's work on "Representative Government," namely, the limitation of the functions of a Representative Assembly with respect to the origination and affirmation, as distinguished from the concoction, so to speak, of new laws.

Let us begin by making the subject plain "even" to our old friend the "school-girl;" the *ingénue* who savours of bread-and-butter and the use of the globes; and, by the bye, let us take an illustration which may be useful to her when she is at the head of a household some day. Let us suppose an Act of Parliament beginning somewhat like this, though, of course, the idea is a wild one and the phraseology very unparliamentary :—"Whereas there has lately been in this country a distressing and alarming drought; and whereas, owing to the ignorance and carelessness of householders, chiefly owing to the ignorance and carelessness of women (so many) millions of gallons of clean water are allowed to run waste in London in (so many) hours; and whereas it is expedient to prevent this waste of a first necessary of life: Be it enacted, and it is hereby accordingly enacted."

We trust our boarding-school *ingénue* will not toss up that fragrant hair of hers if we inform her that this is what is called the preamble of the Act. She will observe it partly implies and partly states that the Legislative Council of the country have considered a certain evil and resolved that a remedy should be applied. Following upon this preamble come the specific enactments, provisions that certain things shall be done under certain penalties (though there are Acts of Parliament which omit the penalties). These specific enactments are numbered I., II., III., and so on, and constitute what are called the Clauses of the Act; and our gentle friend now knows what it means when a committee of the whole House, or a part of the House, goes into the clauses of a Bill, and gets it passed into an Act. It means, in fact, that the committee is shaping the new law after the House has decided that such a law is wanted. This is often a very long and tedious process, and gives rise to much free fighting. The battle on the clauses in a late railway amalgamation Bill, of which, as the dear name of Brighton occurred in it, even our *ingénue* with the fragrant hair may have heard, was serious enough. In the discussion in committee on the clauses of the Metropolitan Foreign Cattle Market Bill, the principle of the Bill itself was, obliquely, tried over and over again, and the battle was almost a savage one. And this may be permitted to suggest, at once, with an eye to the general

subject, the remark that to separate between the preamble and the clauses of a Bill is not always so easy in discussion as it is in a sheet of printed matter.

Those who do not need, even for the sake of a clear conception of what the question is, any of this elementary matter, are most of them aware that it has been seriously contended that to frame and discuss clauses is no proper part of the functions of a representative assembly; that the business of such an assembly comes to a pause when it has affirmed the preamble and delineated the provisions; that it should then hand over the task to a specially-constituted body, properly qualified for Bill-framing and confined to that duty, who should send in the Bill complete, with all the necessary clauses, to be affirmed by the legislative body in due course. It is affirmed that such a plan would have many conveniences which the present system lacks. Very few private members are equal to the task of preparing a Bill. They may and do, like the Government itself, obtain the help of a draughtsman, but that does not amount to much, as anybody of a casuistical turn of mind may discern for himself by taking down an Act of Parliament in a lazy mood and seeing how many holes he can pick in it. We do not know the natural history of Mr. Shaw Lefevre's Married Women's Property Bill, but we do undertake to say that any one who watches the cross-examination which its provisions undergo in committee, will—if this kind of dialectic be at all new to him—be staggered at the number of notes of interrogation and danger-signals which can be put by a practical lawyer against provisions which are unquestionably just in principle and unquestionably fated to be adopted in practice. But one of the best illustrations we happen to know of the rocks and shoals of clause-drawing, in other words, of law-making, is an anecdote which, even if not true, has an undoubted foundation in fact. Two railway companies were once fighting over clauses before a committee of the House of Commons. Company A opposed the insertion of a certain clause. Company B won. The clause was adopted by the committee, and Mr. Blank, the eminent draughtsman, was to be instructed, by agreement between the parties, to prepare a clause embodying "the views" of Parliament. Now, whether or not Mr. Blank, the eminent draughtsman, received from Company A a kind of wink in the shape of an arousing cheque, or whether in a subsequent stage somebody was tampered with and encouraged to make a mistake, is neither here nor there; but certain it is that the clause of Mr. Blank, the eminent draughtsman, though accepted as all right in the heat of conflict, was, upon the first case which arose under its provisions, found unworkable, because unintelligible.

A numerous assembly, says Mr. Mill, in the chapter to which we have cursorily referred, is as little fitted for the direct business of legislation as for that of administration itself. "There is hardly any kind of intellectual work," he continues, "which so much needs to be done, not only by experienced and exercised minds, but by minds trained to the task through long and laborious study as the business of making laws. This is a sufficient reason, were there no other, why they can never be well made except by a committee of very few persons. A reason no less conclusive is that every provision of a law requires to be framed with the most accurate and long-sighted perception of its effect on all the other provisions; and the

law, when made, should be capable of fitting into a consistent whole with the previously existing laws." All this is undeniable; and perhaps it is only in the words italicized that the proposition which follows will be very vehemently challenged. "It is impossible that these conditions should be in any degree fulfilled when laws are voted, clause by clause, in a miscellaneous assembly." This is too strongly put. The conditions in question are in some considerable degree fulfilled by the existing machinery of law-framing. Codification we have not. Periodical revision we have not. And yet our statute law and common law are worked without much more friction, if any more, than arises from the conflict of constitutional fictions with passing facts in another sphere. Nevertheless the cautions which these sentences of Mr. Mill contain are of the very utmost weight. All the legislation of this year which relates to the representation of the people might be brought forward to illustrate them; and there is another very recent Act of Parliament to which we shall take an opportunity of referring hereafter, which very curiously illustrates one of Mr. Mill's comments. No Act was ever passed with more confidence on the part of its promoters; and no Act was ever more ludicrously and systematically set at naught. The testimony of those who have the greatest interest in enforcing it is uniform to the effect, as we hope to show another day, that it is an utter failure.

To meet these difficulties, or some of them, Mr. Mill suggests the constitution of an extraneous body, "who should act as a commission of legislation." They should not be greater in number "than the members of the Cabinet," and they should not be a permanent body. They might sit, say, for five years certain, unless in cases of personal misconduct, or "on refusal to draw up a Bill in obedience to the demands of Parliament." In case Parliament disapproved of any clauses they sent up, a Bill might be recommitted to them for further consideration. Mr. Mill conjectures that upon this commission "the Government would devolve the framing of all its Bills; and that private members of the House of Commons would gradually find it convenient, and likely to facilitate the passing of their measures through the two Houses if, instead of bringing in a Bill and submitting it directly to the House they obtained leave to introduce it, and have it referred to the Legislative Commission."

It seems to us that there are several objections to this scheme. Suppose Sir Roundell Palmer, or his like, were on the Legislative Commission which was "instructed" to prepare a Bill for disestablishing the Irish Church. We may conjecture that, advocate as he is, he would resign his place. His place might be supplied? Probably; but nothing can supply the place, even in framing apparently routine clauses, of an *advocatus diaboli*, or watchful opponent. He may prevent an injustice which even the other side would find damaging to their own plans. We do not happen to know if Mr. Mill's experience, either on Select Committees or on Committees of the whole House, has at all modified his opinions on this matter, but we cannot, for our own part, even conceive a useful and workable Legislative Commission which should be a mere machine of administrative dialecticians; for that is what it comes to. In other words, the process of clause-making, while it is in form legislative, requires chiefly the administrative type of intellect. We repeat, the principle of a Bill perpetually reappears in its clauses, in forms demanding fresh debate; and if these questions have to be referred back to the whole House as they arise, how much time is likely to be gained? On the whole, however, the chief difficulty is that only those persons are likely to get successfully through the clauses of a Bill who have an interest in either forwarding or defeating its preamble. If such a commission were constituted, the very least that could be done would be always to place at its board, to watch the proceedings, the member who introduced the measure, and the member who in chief opposed it. A board of opinionless, passionless clerks to draw up Bills is an absurdity; and how many members of the House would be competent to overlook a Bill as it came back from a commission of experts in administrative dialectics with passions and opinions? Would "a miscellaneous assembly" be equal to that task, or would it not be possible to get together a commission of a dozen such people—"appointed by the Crown," as Mr. Mill suggests—who would be too many by far for certain portions of the august assembly that sent them instructions to draw up a Bill?

One thing seems certain, that, if the Parliament of this country is to continue to be, in addition to its other functions, "the nation's committee of grievances" and its congress of "opinion,"—functions which Mr. Mill pre-eminently claims for it, with the certainty that he will be supported in that claim,—it will have to do something, either in the way of division or relegation of labour in the mere process of manufactur-

ing, so to speak, the laws upon which it decides. That Mr. Mill has hit upon the formula, we at present doubt; but that, in prospect of the increase of "business" in these realms, the subject will before long insist on being considered and dealt with, we have no doubt whatever.

NATIONAL CHURCHES.

IT is nothing more than might have been expected that the discussion of the Irish Church question has drawn attention to the subject of National Churches at large. Even if the question had not been calculated of itself to lead to such a result, the impolitic conduct of those who have advocated the maintenance of the Irish Church, in placing it and the Church Establishment of England in the same boat, has made it impossible to avoid discussing the merits of such Establishment, though not necessarily in connection with the Church of England. We regard it as in every way untrue and unjust to institute any comparison between it and the Irish Establishment. Never were two things more totally different. It was not of course immediately that the work of the Reformation, in replacing the old Establishment with the new, was made acceptable to the people, though in the main they yielded a more or less willing assent with less tardiness and less recalcitrancy than might have been anticipated. One reason for this was the state of preparedness for change in which the public mind had been long prior to the actual change itself. When the breach came at last between the Pope and the King on whom he had conferred the title of Defender of the Faith, there remained much to be done before the great work of the Reformation was begun by the State. Henry's assumption of the supremacy left the doctrines of the Church unchanged, and it was not till they had passed through modifications not suddenly effected that they arrived at that settlement which is found in the Book of Common Prayer. With the dissolution of the monasteries the Church lost a great hold on the affections of the common people, and the way in which their possessions had been distributed was such as to enlist in favour of the new order of things a powerful body of friends.

Thus gradually the Reformed Church became national, and has remained so ever since. If it has enemies now, it is in no worse a condition than it has always been. It presents none of the glaring iniquities which forty years ago made it unpopular. And he would not be far wrong who should lay down the position that there are only two sources whence she is threatened with danger—one, her internal differences; and the other, the insane attempt to represent her as indissolubly linked with the Irish Church, a living body bound hand and foot to a corpse. We take it that there is no institution with which the people would less willingly part were the Church allowed to stand upon its own ground. Men no doubt there are who, working upon a principle, and without any hostility specially directed against her, would be glad to see her and all other religious bodies reduced to the system of voluntary support. But though they should redouble their efforts, the Church will be unassailable if her trusted guides are true to her. We candidly believe that there are not a few Dissenters who would be unwilling to see any permanent harm come to her. For three centuries she has been identified with the life of the nation, and has contributed mainly to form the national character. Even the battle which has been carried on for many years upon Church-rates had sprung much less from ill-will towards her than from that sense of justice which Englishmen have also felt intensely when their own interests have been concerned, and which revolted from the compelled support of a form of worship with which they did not agree. We have no doubt of the sincerity of the argument that Dissenters would subscribe voluntarily for the repair of the parish fabric much more than the sum irritatingly forced from them by the State. And we are also convinced that it is possible, supposing the time were ripe for it, to secure the position of the Church by placing it upon a broader basis than it now stands upon.

Perhaps the time is not yet ripe for such an experiment. But this, above all things, should be borne in mind by those who appreciate the value of the National Church, namely, that in proportion as it ceases to draw to itself the attachment of the nation it is progressing to the date of its extinction. We do not quote the Irish Church in proof of this, because it never possessed the love of the Irish. It was from its incipency an exotic forced upon an unwilling people, and if we were to take into consideration the two millions of Irish Catholics who have disappeared from the sister country through famine or emigration, we should see that in latter times the proportion the members of the Irish Church have borne to the rest of the population has materially

decreased, instead of being now, as her advocates boast, about as great as it was at any period during the last three centuries. But the present condition of the Irish Establishment forcibly illustrates the state of a Church which is nominally national, while its numbers are a satire upon its pretensions to nationality. The Church of England is very far, indeed, from being in a similar position. But we anticipate a time when it may be necessary for her to reconsider her position with regard to the principle on which, at the time of the Reformation, it was laid down. That principle was that the doctrinal basis should be made as wide and comprehensive as possible. The aim of the statesmen who settled the formularies and creed of the Church was to make them inclusive, as far as it could be done, of the whole people. Henry had cut the knot which had bound the Church of England to Rome by transferring to himself the supremacy of the Pope. But he was determined that nothing else should be changed. He would be King and Pope of England in his own person. After his demise his authority fell into the hands of men who thought that this arrangement was inconvenient, as indeed it had proved, and the Royal supremacy was reduced to something comparatively nominal with what it had been in Henry's hands. Instead of concentrating spiritual authority, they spread it out, or, to use the slang of a recent political controversy, they gave it lateral extension. In doing so they were right. They had to build up a Church which should be a national Church, and to do that they cast about for formulas which should embrace the widest possible phases of belief. Probably the Church will never again see such a crisis as that through which she passed three centuries ago. But she may encounter a modification of similar difficulties. It would seem as if some such possibility already began to throw its shadow across her path. It seems to be an ascertained fact that Dissent has long been making inroads on her domain, or on that "extra-parochial" ground which she has neglected to cultivate. It is certain, on the other hand, that within her own pale there has been a semi-intellectual, semi-spiritual activity at work, which, in the short space of a single generation, against every disadvantage, and having only on its side that breadth of doctrinal basis on which the Church was settled three centuries since, has expanded into what is now called "Ritualism." Such a development was never dreamt of by the Reformers. That basis of doctrine which they expanded with liberality, which, but for its decorous and touching language, would almost seem to stretch into the domain of indifferentism, has been taken advantage of by the Ritualists in order to contract and narrow the range of thought which is the Churchman's inheritance and birthright. There are not wanting signs to convince us that the day cannot be much longer postponed when either the Church must be crippled, or Ritualism must die, or be cut off. It is simply impossible to suppose that Rome and England can work harmoniously within the same pale. Ritualism is Romanism, or it is nothing. It abjures the name Protestant, and boasts that that word is not to be found in any part of the Liturgy. It calls itself Catholic. It claims communion with Rome, and to such an extent has this claim been practically carried that on the Continent, and especially in Rome, English Churchmen have received communion at Roman Catholic altars. If, then, we are right in our position that Protestantism and Ritualism cannot permanently, and perhaps cannot much longer, co-exist within the same State Establishment, it would seem as if the time had come when it should be seriously discussed in what manner the Church may cut off Ritualism at one end, and recruit her exhausted ranks by calling in the less offensive forms of Dissent at the other. She would naturally shrink from having anything to say either to Baptists or Unitarians. But as Wesley left her when her heart was cold, he might be induced to return to her, in the persons of his followers, now that she is showing more zeal in her missionary work. There may be other phases of Dissent whose professors would not be unwilling to barter something of the liberty enjoyed by non-established communities for the prestige and other advantages which the countenance of the State bestows. But of this we are sure, that we are on the eve of important ecclesiastical changes; and that there is no reason which can be traced to the temper of the age that need militate against the national character of the Church of England, if her rulers, and especially her spiritual advisers, are wise. A national Church is the Church of the nation. To be that it must represent, as far as possible, the religious sentiment of the nation. The Irish Church is perishing because it has failed to do that. The English Church is vigorous for the opposite reason. But we are in a state of transition, and another generation may find the Church representing a minority of the nation unless her rulers and advisers are wise in time.

THE BRIBERY BILL.

THE corruption which takes place at English elections is both a national disgrace and a national danger. It is humiliating to think that the performance of a great constitutional function should in many cases be influenced by the most sordid considerations, and that an occasion which ought to call forth the most serious and earnest deliberation on the part of the electors should too often degenerate into a mere drunken saturnalia. It is plain that unless we can stay the progress of this disease, which has during the last quarter of a century been continually making deeper and deeper encroachments into the body politic, the advantages which we expect to derive from the extension of the franchise will be altogether lost. If the constituencies sell the franchises which are conferred upon them, nothing will be gained, but, on the contrary, much will be lost by increasing the number of voters. Not only will demoralization be spread over a larger area, but the possibility of acquiring a seat in Parliament will be limited to a still more select class of rich men, and one of the great evils which at present menace us will thus be materially aggravated. The Government, therefore, are quite right in supplementing their measure of Reform by a Bill intended to facilitate the detection and punishment of bribery, and it is only fair to add that their conduct has shown them to be thoroughly in earnest in the object they profess to have in view. There has been so much hypocrisy in connection with this subject, so much mere lip-service, so much perverse astuteness in contriving how to do nothing under the pretence of doing something, that we may be excused for sharing the suspicions which were generally entertained as to the sincerity both of her Majesty's Ministers and of the House of Commons. With respect to a portion of the House, those suspicions have, indeed, been amply justified in the course of the recent discussions. In more than one quarter there has been an evident desire to talk the Bill out of the House, or to destroy it by amendments which would have crippled its most important provisions. But, speaking generally, it must be admitted that the House has shown that it is at last penetrated by a strong sense of the mischief of corruption, and is sincerely bent upon discovering and applying the most efficacious remedy that can be found. The proof that they are really in earnest is supplied by the fact of their having consented to part with the jurisdiction over election petitions. Every other representative assembly in the world, so far as we know, retains in its own hands the decision of all questions affecting the return of its members. And as the House of Commons is certainly not less tenacious of its privileges than are similar bodies in other countries, we may safely assume that the sacrifice they have made is very considerable, and that it would not have been consented to except under a strong sense of its necessity. As a mere matter of abstract principle, good cause may be shown for the maintenance of the present system; and it is not impossible that some practical inconveniences may arise from transferring to a foreign tribunal the task of determining the validity of election returns. But those inconveniences will, we believe, be much more than counterbalanced by the advantages we may expect to gain from referring election petitions to one of her Majesty's judges sitting in the place where the alleged corruption took place. A judge will not only be, but he will be believed to be, more impartial than the present tribunals. He will not be, as they are in too many cases, bamboozled and misled by counsel who presume upon their ignorance of the law of evidence, and their want of skill in unravelling a web of complicated facts. And it may fairly be anticipated that a local investigation will not only be much less costly, but much more effectual in getting at the truth than one in London. The reluctance of the judges to undertake this new duty is both natural and creditable. They are properly sensitive as to anything which may cast a taint of suspicion upon the office which they hold; and although we do not share their misgivings, we entirely respect the motives which led them to make the protest which they addressed to Mr. Disraeli. It is possible that at first there may be some doubt as to the freedom of their decisions from political bias, but we believe that a very short experience will convince the public of their impartiality, and when that point is once gained, we see no reason to fear that the purity of the judicial ermine will suffer from occasional contact with electioneering scandals. Of this we are quite certain, that the new system is much more likely to work well if the judges to try petitions are taken, as it is now settled that they shall be, indifferently from the whole Bench, than if special judges had been appointed—as was at one time proposed. More doubt may be entertained as to the propriety of intrusting a judge with the power to decide questions of fact without the assistance of a jury. Looking merely

to the composition of the tribunal, we should ourselves have been disposed to favour the amendment of Mr. Bouverie, under which that assistance would have been afforded to him. But then it is clear that that amendment would have involved the abandonment of local investigation, since it would be absurd to impanel a jury composed of the inhabitants of a town whose electioneering sins were the subject of investigation. The House rightly preferred an inferior tribunal sitting in the locality to a superior one sitting in the metropolis.

The constitution of the new tribunal is the most important feature of the Bill; but it also contains other provisions of considerable importance. We cannot, of course, do more than touch upon one or two of the most prominent; and even as to these we must pass over with very slight notice the long and sometimes animated, but more frequently tedious, discussions to which they gave rise. The provision to which we attach most importance is undoubtedly that which enacts that a candidate with regard to whom a judge shall find that bribery was committed with his knowledge or consent shall be disqualified for sitting in Parliament for seven years. There can be no doubt that this is a very severe punishment, even although we do not go the extreme length of Mr. Powell, who declared that it would "send a man forth into the world deprived of all that made life worth having." But then the offence is one of great gravity, and, upon the whole, we do not think the penalty disproportionate to it. There may, perhaps, at first be, as Mr. Lowe predicts, some unwillingness in inflicting it. But that unwillingness will disappear with the growth of a more healthy public feeling on the subject of bribery. If corruption ceases to be regarded in a humorous light, and is generally recognised as a serious evil, we do not think that a judge will shrink from expressing a frank and deliberate opinion upon the evidence before him, even although his decision should involve some more or less estimable gentleman in a seven years' ostracism from political life. The good effects that we contemplate from the clause will not, indeed, be confined to the punishment of the candidates; it will prevent that sort of indirect corruption which takes place when a man is elected for one place because he has shown what is called "great liberality" at another, and because his constituents derive from that fact a lively hope and expectation that in some way or other a similar golden shower will descend upon them. We must, however, add that we are wholly unable to understand the ground on which the House, by a large majority, rejected Mr. Mill's amendment extending the application of the same penalty to all kinds of corrupt practices. Notwithstanding the nice casuistry of the hon. members who opposed the proposition, it still seems to us that it is just as bad to corrupt a man by making him drunk as by giving him money, and that it is quite as culpable to drive him to the poll by intimidation as to seduce him there by bribery.

The aversion of the House to exacting from candidates or from members a declaration that they will not be or that they have not been guilty of corrupt practices is intelligible enough, but we cannot regard it as altogether creditable. It is all very well to say that such declarations are traps for weak consciences, while they have very little hold upon those of a more robust stamp. But although that may be true to a certain extent, we cannot but think that the great proportion of men who contest seats would shrink from making such a declaration if they knew that it was untrue, and that its untruth might be made to appear on the trial of an election petition. The pertinacity with which the proposition is resisted is in fact the best proof that it is not worthless and would not be ineffectual. And seeing that no man who is really innocent can have any difficulty in taking a declaration which merely commits him to a positive statement as to his personal acts, and to a statement of his knowledge and belief with respect to those done on his behalf by others, we see no reason for consulting the scruples of those who are in so doubtful and suspicious a position that they cannot make up their minds whether they or their friends have or have not been guilty of malpractices. A valuable addition to the Bill was suggested in the course of its passage through Committee by the insertion of a provision that in case a candidate is found guilty of bribery, the votes given for him shall be regarded as thrown away, and the seat shall be given to the next man. The candidate himself may not indeed care much what becomes of the seat if he loses it. But his supporters in the town do, and they are much less likely to rush into corrupt practices if the result of such conduct is likely to be the transfer of the seat to the opposite party than when, as is now generally the case, the worst—or perhaps we should say the best—that can happen to them is to fight the battle over again under a new leader. Although we cannot say that the present Bill alto-

gether comes up to our idea of what such a measure should be, it seems to us a step in the right direction, and we have little doubt that its operation will be beneficial so far as it goes. But we must not allow ourselves to entertain exaggerated expectations of its effects. It may check bribery and corruption, but it will certainly not eradicate them. For that we must look to the growth of a public opinion which shall really stigmatize and brand these offences as crimes. We shall get purity of election when that is the case, and when a man who is convicted of them is not only punished, but becomes socially degraded. But so long as a large and influential portion of the public do not in their hearts believe corruption to be a crime, so long as a man in the middle and upper classes does not suffer in the estimation of his friends because he has given a bribe, and so long as in a lower class the taking of a bribe is regarded with equal indifference, it will, we fear, prove impossible to do more than mitigate the evil by repressing its most offensive and most strongly pronounced developments.

MR. BRIGHT ON IRELAND.

MR. BRIGHT'S visit to Ireland will be a matter of no small advantage to the Liberal party. He is, without exception, the most popular Englishman with the people of the country, and that because he has tried harder to understand them than any other English member of the House of Commons. It is difficult for us here to comprehend the eagerness with which the Irish of all things desire sympathy from us and our representatives. It is what they receive as seldom as a visit from the members of the Royal family, from their reception of whom we can in some measure judge of their gratitude. It would scarcely be too much to say that at this moment there are many Irish boroughs in which an independent Liberal Englishman would have a better chance of being returned than an Irishman. If a country had ever a sound reason for being sick of her representatives, Ireland is that country. The traditions of jobbery, of chicane, and of lying, seem to have descended from member to member. Formerly, patriotic representatives were bought with governorships in the colonies, with seats on the Bench, or with miserable little bribes in the shape of offices which were too contemptible to be accepted by men of brains or wealth. Now the business is done through social channels, and it is notorious that Irish members of the most independent declarations go directly contrary to their pledges for a card of invitation to a Ministerial ball.

Mr. Bright carries a wholesome atmosphere with him. His speeches are just of that kind which may serve to discharge the air from the obscurities under which patriotic and other Irish members will strive to hide their shortcomings. The fact that he is allied with Mr. Gladstone ought to win for him the support of most Irish Liberal Protestants, but we fear that this cannot be reckoned upon with much confidence. Unfortunately, a certain feeling has been stirred up to galvanize Orangeism and arouse ascendancy, and it appears to get the better of the heads even of the sensible landlords and gentry. They are also unable to understand the changes in Mr. Bright, or rather the changes in politics around him, which place him in a different position from that which he occupied many years ago. We do not believe he has shifted his ground in his opinions beyond that in using the lever by which he stirred the whole public opinion of England, he may have perhaps altered his attitude. But a great Reformer becomes not less firmer, but milder, and perhaps more considerate, when he sees the beginning of the end of his task. This has been the case with Mr. Bright. The rough vigour with which he formerly threw down obstructions has now given way to a more gentle though not less determined process. Irish Tory landlords, and a good many Irish Whig landlords (for the Whig exists in Ireland, from whence the name was derived, with a curious tenacity), take their notions of Mr. Bright from the pictures painted in our Conservative journals of some years back. He is to the most of them what is loosely called a demagogue with terrible iconoclastic tendencies and notions. He is the advocate of communism, of revolution, of infidelity. He is constantly attacking the wicker-work of the frame of society. He opposes not only the Irish Established Church, but they suspect he would oppose both Establishments and Churches of all kinds. Without having read his land scheme, they take it for granted that it contained a simple confiscating proposal, with perhaps a clause to treat with emigration agents for a shipment of the present landholders to America.

We have no doubt that Mr. Bright's visit will do a good deal to dissipate these absurd ideas. Mr. Bright is a fearless exponent of his own views, and we need not dread that he will

spare his friends or enemies from being shocked at the sight of the roughest aspect of them. The Irish people will perceive from him the necessity of a union with Mr. Gladstone and the English Liberal party, and how important it is for this purpose that they should abandon the advocacy of distinctly separate interests until a time when the House will be ripe, ready, and prepared to hear them. We do not mean that they should stand back from giving a final push to the tottering Establishment, but that they should not distract the Liberal party by such dog-in-the-manger policies as independent opposition and half-hearted support of English Liberal measures. They should insist on the coming elections in pinning their representatives to the wide Liberal faith without reference to the smaller details. Any sympathy which exists in England for them exists amongst the Liberal party, and to that party, and to no other, must they look for a redress of grievances. Mr. Disraeli and his friends will not be chary of promises either from the platforms or from the newspapers. They never have been. But the mistake Mr. Disraeli made in allying himself with the Orange faction was so far providential that it leaves Irishmen no choice of sides. They now at least know the colours he is to fight under. And we might turn to the intelligent Irish landlords, and ask them whether they will feel safe in following a Minister who has been foolish enough to raise a "No Popery" cry in the two countries, and who has led his party he scarcely seems to know where? Would they not be more securely cared for by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright? Mr. Disraeli would throw over the Irish landlords to-morrow, with as little remorse as the captain of a slaver will pitch his live cargo into the sea in order to ease a hunted ship, if he could save his party by so doing. Such dodges have been the game and plan of his whole political existence. Then, again, let them reflect that if he were to stick to them through thick and thin, which he will not, he can never protect them from the Liberal force and strength of the new constituencies. If they are conscience-stricken, they had better make friends with those whose business it may be to correct the mischief perpetrated by the present condition of land tenure in Ireland. They have now an opportunity of doing this which they should not neglect. Either as a friend or as a foe, they will find, when perhaps it will be too late, that Mr. Disraeli cannot count for much.

Mr. Bright is so unsparing of himself that he has not hesitated even already to sacrifice some of his hard-earned holidays to making speeches. It is a good omen that the first political addresses referring to the new Parliament should be heard in Ireland from him. We should be glad, however, to observe that his supporters there belonged to a greater variety of classes than they seem to have comprehended up to this. For their own sakes, as we said before, the Irish landlords and gentry should be careful not to ignore either the Liberal English party or its leaders. There is a gradual feeling of contempt springing up for them in England when it is found that they are so readily attracted by the obvious and glittering baits with which Mr. Disraeli has fished for their adherence. They completely moderate the temper and influence of true Liberalism in England. Let them look at the position of Colonel Knox in the House of Commons; yet Colonel Knox is a landlord after the Orangeman's own heart and a vigilant upholder of the ancient and stupid privileges of his order. Their allegiance to Mr. Disraeli may not improbably be rewarded in the future by his disposing of them in a single epigram. It is better that they should accept what is inevitable than be compelled to undergo a disastrous humiliation. The Irish land question comes after the Church question, and in all probability it will be in the hands of a Liberal Government to deal with. A party makes the best terms with its friends, and the Irish landlords should take this hint. They can do no good whatever by exhibiting a sulky or inhospitable demeanour towards Mr. Bright, or by encouraging their newspapers to squirt little jets of abuse at him. Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone can afford to do without them, but they may find to their cost that a time will come when they cannot afford to do without Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright.

MR. CHILDERS ON THE CIVIL SERVICE.

NOT as a party move, but expressly as an effort to reduce within what he considers reasonable compass the estimates for the Civil Service, Mr. Childers made a speech on Tuesday in which he examined some notable features in our Civil Service expenditure. When the grocers and butchers, some time ago, held a public meeting to discuss the merits of the co-operative system, they threw out something more than a hint that, unless Government clerks desisted from buying in the cheapest market,

and returned to their old practice of buying in the dearest, the grocers and butchers would retaliate by showing the country how the Civil Service might be carried on upon terms much less costly to the nation than at present. For the benefit of such of our readers as may be ignorant of the matter, we should explain that the co-operative system of buying in the cheapest market and retailing as nearly as possible at cost price, was introduced into the metropolis by the members of the Civil Service. The innovation was hailed as so great a blessing that even families who had been in the habit of running bills made heroic efforts to pay off their tradesmen in order to enjoy the luxury of having the necessaries of life at the rate of five-and-twenty per cent. less than before. It was therefore the most natural thing in the world, that when the London tradesmen met to consider the deplorable falling-off in the number of their victims, they should feel that the Civil Service was the most immoral institution to which our fertile mother England had for a long time given birth. They threatened that unless Government clerks speedily forswore the dishonest practice of making a shilling go as far as eighteen-pence, they would show the English world how the Civil Service could be efficiently performed at far less cost than at present. No such proposition has as yet proceeded from them, unless we may suppose that they had some cognizance of what was passing in Mr. Childers' mind, and which found vent in the speech he made in the House of Commons on Tuesday. We have no more partiality for Government clerks than we have for tradesmen who do their work at twenty-five per cent. more than they ought to charge for it. If it can be made out that in any of the departments of the Civil Service a reduction of expenses might reasonably be made, by all means let it be made. *Fiat justitia.* We may concede at once that there is room for reform, though we by no means approve of all Mr. Childers' views. His comparison between the cost of the Civil Services of England and those of France is really as little to the purpose he has in view as Major O'Reilly's comparison between the cost of an English soldier and a French one. Again, when he compares the cost of the Civil Service with that of the army and navy, he contrasts things which stand upon wholly different bases. It may surprise people to hear that while we are spending nearly eleven millions a year on the Civil Service the army and navy estimates, for the pay and allowances of officers and men, do not reach nine millions, making a difference of something more than two millions sterling. But in order to estimate the value of this difference, we must be able to apply a pecuniary test to the civil services on one hand, and the army and navy services on the other. This we have as yet no means of doing. It is not, indeed, easy to see for what Mr. Childers is contending when he institutes a comparison between the sums total of the civil services, and the military and naval services. If the national disbursement is to be regulated by sentiment, we would rather pay for ten civil servants than for five soldiers or sailors. But our disbursement in either case must stand on its own merits. If we pay more for our Civil Service than we need, let us cut the estimate down. But it proves nothing to show that the estimate for the peace service is greater than the estimate for the war service. All we can say, in the presence of such a fact, is, that we are very glad of it, and that we hope it will long continue so.

We are, however, exceedingly loth to throw cold water on Mr. Childers' statement. It suggests many topics which ought to be discussed. It is, in fact, a legacy left by a member of the dying Parliament to that new Parliament which will, before many months, assemble, if the general expectation is not disappointed, brimful of reforming energy. The whole Civil Service wants reconsideration, not so much perhaps with a view to lessen the sum total of its cost to the nation—though this is a point which ought not to be overlooked—as to place upon a footing of greater equality and justice the rewards with which the nation compensates its servants. At present the rule obtains too much of giving the highest salaries to those servants who do the least work. We suspect also that the competitive system has been pushed in many cases to a degree of undue and useless exaction. Educational qualifications are required which the candidate will never have an opportunity of bringing into practice. But this is not at all an evil of the same magnitude as those different systems of pay and promotion which Mr. Childers has pointed out in the Civil Service. For example, he stated that when he was at the Treasury he found that in the warehousing department of the Customs, there were not less than eighteen varieties of classification, with different minimums, different maximums, different augmentations, and different proportions of salary, so that an officer had eighteen different sets of chances with reference to

his promotion. This inconsistency is not confined to the Customs. It is again an evil that the distinction is not sufficiently made between brain-work and work which is merely mechanical. Formerly there were in the Customs two distinct classes of officers—landing-waiters and gangers, who rose to four and five hundred a year, and an inferior grade of officers including weighers and tidewaiters. The two classes were some time ago amalgamated, and the officers who have to discharge the higher duties, which require a superior education, are chosen from the lower class, whose duties are not in need of more than ordinary ability. The result is that we must either place superior men in inferior work, or we must be content to see inferior men rise into posts for which they are unfit because fit men will not consent to the degradation through which they must pass before being promoted to work worthy of their abilities. Mr. Childers said he had heard of a high wrangler at Cambridge who might have been a Fellow at one of the minor colleges, who was to be found amongst the weighers, because he hoped by-and-by to become a landing-waiter. This is one of the errors which might without difficulty be corrected. But while we freely admit that Mr. Childers has suggested for the next Parliament a subject that may legitimately occupy its attention, we cannot allow that he has taken by any means a comprehensive view of the subject. He has suggested matter for abler men to digest. But nothing can be less appropriate than the standards of comparison he has set up. The increase of public servants which has taken place of late years is easily accounted for by the increase of the public business. More work has necessitated more men. If there are departments in which the Civil servants do not earn their salaries according to the standard of work done in other public offices, we freely concede that this is an abuse which ought to be reformed. But from Mr. Childers' views upon the question of superannuation we wholly dissent. They are conceived in the worst spirit of an impolitic and unjust economy. It is only eleven years since Parliament, convinced by the arguments of Lord Naas, released the whole body of men employed in the Civil Service from the obligation of providing a superannuation fund out of their salaries. What a reformed Parliament may do in this matter remains to be seen. But we shall augur unfavourably of its future if it should endorse Mr. Childers' ungenerous proposal.

CIRCUIT COURTS.

THE tribunals by which the Bar controls, or affects to control, the conduct of such of its members as go circuit, are possibly unaffected by the position they hold in public estimation, and are certainly not popular. Although when they do occupy any share of the public attention they are generally found performing the unpleasant duties which are cast upon them, actuated by an anxiety to do justice, yet it cannot be denied that they suffer from that distrust and suspicion which invariably attaches, in a greater or less degree, to any association from which the general body of the public are excluded. People who know nothing of the inner life of barristers, and whose information concerning the constitution of circuit courts does not extend beyond the fact that they generally meet after dinner, form, naturally enough, very odd notions as to what is done on these occasions. In their view the courts seem to have something in common with the Inquisition or a Freemasons' lodge, and to bear no slight resemblance to the secret committee of a vigorous trades-union. It would be foolish to shut our eyes to the immense power which the circuit court is capable of exercising, but it would be as well, at the same time, to remember how very seldom these powers are called into action, and that, after all, they are in reality organizations so purely social in their character as to be practically incapable of being affected by any outer influences. It does happen that on every circuit all the barristers practising there are, as a general rule, members of the circuit mess; but, theoretically, at least, it is in no degree essential that they should join the mess. By doing so, a man will be enabled to get through any business which he may receive with greater facility than if he kept aloof from his brethren, but as far as his privileges as an advocate are concerned they remain entirely unaffected. It is the right of a barrister to be heard in any court in the kingdom; of that privilege no association can deprive him. If, however, the barrister on going his circuit becomes at the same time a member of the circuit mess, then he enters into a voluntary association established more for social purposes than with any other object, and he must submit to the regulations which the members of the mess have established, in the same way as any member of a West-end club does to club rules. He has to be proposed, seconded, and balloted for as in any ordinary

social club. A certain number of black balls will keep him out, and he is left even without the opportunity of appealing to any all-powerful committee for protection against the caprice of half a dozen excluders, who, without meaning injury, now and then perpetrate no small amount of mischief. Once admitted, however, within the social circle of his brethren, the barrister finds that it contributes in no small measure towards rendering his forensic existence bearable. He escapes the dullness seldom inseparable from a provincial town, and he exchanges the solitary dinner of his hotel for the well-provided mess-table, and although the wine that he finds there may not perhaps be unexceptionable in quality, the quantity is such as to claim the gratitude of any toper, however marvellous his experience or capacity. The mess-table enables him to convert his professional opponents, if he has as yet been fortunate enough to secure any, into his personal friends. If he has been unlucky enough to distinguish himself by a squabble in court, the mess does what it can to stifle animosities and exercises a far greater influence than it has credit for upon the orderly administration of justice. Another, and by no means the least of the advantages of the Bar mess, is the facility it affords in the exchange of hospitalities for the cultivation of friendly relations between the counsel on a circuit and the judges before whom they practice. Although institutions like these, which bring the persons forming them into such close communion, necessarily possess considerable powers, we must not lose sight of the fact that when the members of the mess take to deliberating and form themselves into circuit courts, these courts do not claim to exercise any control over the barristers on the circuit as barristers, but they say, "We hold that there is a certain etiquette which ought to regulate the conduct of barristers, and if any of our members offends against that etiquette or acts in a way unbecoming a man of honour, we will punish his misconduct, or refuse to associate with him." It is within the knowledge of every one acquainted with circuit doings, that this controlling power is seldom resorted to, except in rare instances, and that in fact the circuit courts do far more in the way of fun than in the way of business. They fine unsparingly, but it is rather with a view to the mess revenue than to the punishment of offences, and in this taxation those who can best afford to submit to the good-natured extortion which is practised have the most ample opportunities afforded them of doing so. A Queen's Counsel can scarcely hope to adjust a curl of his wig without the risk of being fined for it, whilst a junior may go scot free for all time, unless he be indiscreet enough to bring his wife on circuit with him, or is presented with a red bag, either of which upon some circuits is an offence punishable by fine. These courts may, however, as we have already pointed out, be frequently called upon to adopt measures seriously affecting the prospects and reputation of persons subject to their control, and of this a rather important instance was disclosed in the course of a late trial at Westminster. The Bar mess of the Midland Circuit, acting in accordance with a rule that may be said to be in practical operation on all circuits, refused to receive on the mess a gentleman of considerable ability and still greater notoriety, who had left a circuit of which he had been a member for some years, and had come to practice upon the Midland. They also punished, by fining them the amount of the fees which they had received, more than one member of the mess who had held briefs with the intruder; and one gentleman who persisted in disregarding the prohibition against holding the objectionable briefs was compelled to discontinue being a member of the mess. We do not by any means feel disposed to quarrel with these decisions, nor are we prepared here to question how far they go to prove that the principles of trades-unions govern the Bar, but the case goes a good way to show the influence which a merely social club is capable of exercising upon a man's professional prospects. Men who have made their reputation, whose eloquence or legal acumen leave the attorneys no option but to secure their services, may disregard the circuit mess and its regulations, and in some instances have done so; but with a young or unknown man who has to create a reputation, the case is widely different. The Bar to such a man is a profession bristling with danger and difficulties; and when in addition he labours under the disadvantage of being excluded from the social intercourse of his brethren these difficulties are alarmingly increased. The good will of those who sit beside him is scarcely less important to a junior counsel than what is termed the ear of the court is to a senior, and once a rumour gets about that a man is a black sheep, his chance of preferment takes rank among the very remotest possibilities. We are quite prepared to admit that the absence of a circuit mess would make very little change in this state of things. Persons whose business throws them continually in the way of one another, and whose social standing

is the same, will naturally become associated; and if one man by his conduct excludes himself from the advantages of this association he has only himself to blame, and it is difficult to see where he can look for a remedy; but we do entertain doubts whether in many of these cases in which the members of the circuit mess exercise their right of excluding persons from the opportunities of social intercourse which it presents, the matter ought to rest with that punishment. We do not refer to such offences as the unauthorized change of a circuit, or the holding of briefs with an interloper, either of which may be quite disconnected from any moral turpitude, but there are other cases in which expulsion is an expression of the opinion of the whole circuit Bar that the offender has been guilty of conduct which renders it impossible for gentlemen to associate with him. We do not say that such cases are not rare, but that they do sometimes occur is undoubted, and when a person has been condemned as being unfit to remain the companion of gentlemen, we certainly are at a loss to see how the administration of justice can be assisted by his retaining the privileges of a barrister.

BEER-CLUBS.

THE barley harvest has come, and will soon be followed by hop-picking. The exceptional weather of the past summer, with its long continuance of drought and unclouded suns, has prematurely ripened the crops and advanced their ingathering. It has proved singularly beneficial to the hops; and, on the whole, has dealt with the barley far more kindly than was at first anticipated. If the produce of the latter will fall short of the average, the yield of the former will be abundant—at least, so far as present appearances can justify the old saying, "You can never be sure of the hops until you have got them into your pocket." Poor in ear, stunted in stalk, thin and defective, as the barley is in places, yet to the eye it has presented its accustomed field-of-the-cloth-of-gold aspect, or seemed "like a sea of glory, becalmed upon the plain;" while the tall bines of the hops are laden with fruitful clusters of that most graceful and picturesque plant that exalt the English hop-yard as superior in beauty to the Italian vineyard. We may hope that their present fair promise will be amply fulfilled, and that the "pockets" of hops will help to fill the pockets of their growers.

The beautiful combination of the barley and hop not only suggests mundane thoughts of beer, but their ingathering is also the cause of a great consumption of that liquid by reapers and pickers in fields and grounds and amid sheaves and bins. Beer in bottles, beer in cans, and beer in tiny little wooden barrels that can be uplifted to the thirsty lips, is a necessary accompaniment of the equipment of the harvest-man and hop-picker. Sweltering under a broiling sun, perspiring at every pore, how grateful to him is that draught of beer as he lies stretched in a strip of shade to snatch a few minutes' rest from work! It is as the drink ambrosial, liquid amber, the nectar of the gods, although known to mortals by the familiar name of beer; and, refreshed by its welcome aid, he returns to his long-sweeping stroke with scythe or sickle, and bends his back to the sun's rays, having gained a new lease for labour. It is true, that in a few isolated cases "a drink" of water is made to take place of beer; and it is also true that in many instances cold tea is made the substitute—and not a bad one, for, if it be made without milk and sugar, it has the advocacy of many grouse-shooters and deer-stalkers as being the best beverage to carry a man through a hard day's work. It is moreover true that in the cider counties, although for the most part they are hop-growing districts, the apple takes precedence of hop and barley as a foundation for the favourite liquor of the day-labourer, who, perhaps, is born and bred to the fruit of that tree which, eight centuries ago, was pronounced by William of Malmesbury to be indigenous to Worcestershire soil, and which was also so plentiful in Herefordshire that Fuller quaintly said of that county, "This shire better answereth to the name of Pomerania than the dukedom of Germany so called, being a continued orchard of apple-trees, whereof much cider is made," and not only made, but drank; for in that pleasant region of England cider, and not beer, is the recognised quencher of thirst among the tillers of the soil and the gatherers of the fruits of the earth. But whatever local popularity may be achieved by cider in certain districts, yet, if we take the country through, beer is the national beverage of the Briton. You may deprive a pauper of his vote without hurting him, and if you steal his purse you only steal trash, but to "rob a poor man of his beer" is the most heinous crime in England's decalogue, and merits the severest punishment. But how, and from whence, does the poor man procure

his beer, and what is the composition of that curious and abominable liquid sold to him at public-houses under the slandered name of beer? These are questions worthy of thoughtful consideration, and they may be pressed home with peculiar force at the season of barley-harvest and hop-picking.

As the colour of the grain changes to burnished gold and ruby orange it is the custom in rural districts—more especially in the Ridings and Eastern counties, where cider is not common—for thrifty cottagers to brew a small barrel of beer, as they say, "for the harvest." It is designed to help them through the extra work of the season, and to save them the trouble and expense of having their beer-bottles replenished at the public-house. Now, such a custom as this seems to us to be worthy of all approval, and to deserve a wider acceptance among our rural population. And the chief reason why it is not more widely adopted is to be found in the lack of method and management which is the bane of the English poor. Rather than put by a sixpence to provide themselves with wholesome beer at their own homes, they prefer to spend a shilling in procuring a drugged drink from the public-house. The sight of a frugal neighbour, who is able to draw his own beer from his own barrel, instead of being to them an example worthy of imitation, is regarded with mingled jealousy and envy, as a mere nine days' wonder, of annual recurrence at harvest-time, but not to be looked for at any other season. To the ordinary rustic, home-brewed beer is an unnatural and exceptional production; and what he calls "publican's beer" is his normal beverage. Hodge might urge—and with some degree of reason—that he could not brew at home, because he does not possess what a brewer would call the necessary "plant;" he has neither barrel nor copper. There is an obvious hindrance here, though it is one that could be overcome without much difficulty (cottagers have been known to use a large iron pot with success), especially if a group of neighbours were shown how they might combine to purchase a copper for mutual use in brewing and other domestic purposes. Even if a landlord refused aid, this is a case where cottagers might help themselves if they chose to do so. But "there's the rub!" Yet, setting aside this, and, for the sake of argument, dismissing to the limbo of the Impracticable all considerations of "home-brewing by cottagers," we would ask, What is there, in the majority of cases, to prevent cottagers from buying wholesome beer from respectable brewers, unless it be the lack of management and thrift? The one only thing that they seem to make an effort to purchase in the lump, instead of by dribblets, is the sack of flour. Coals, beer, and other articles of consumption that might be laid up in store, they buy, as it were, in penny-worths, and receive for their outlay only the halfpenny's value. They can lay by for flour and for house-rent, but for nothing else, unless they are helped to do so by those who have more method and forethought than themselves. Hence the origin in rural districts of those clothing-clubs, coal-clubs, shoe-clubs, blanket-clubs, and other clubs of a like nature, which are of so great benefit to the poor, and contribute so much to the comfort and well-being of the cottager's family. In such clubs as these Hodge and his neighbours are quick to recognise the good of the pence laid by from week to week until they have accumulated to the sum required for the proposed end; and, so long as the club maintains the prefix of "coal" or "clothing," or some such magic name, its respectability and importance is guaranteed, and clergymen and district-visitors take it in hand readily and fearlessly, with the full assurance that they are working in a good cause.

Why should not there be clubs by whose aid the cottager should be enabled to have his necessary beer, in a wholesome condition and at a fair price, not only at harvest-time, but all the year round? We believe that any well-digested plan towards securing this end would be a consummation worthy to be wished for, and would greatly advance the temperance movement. Of course we speak of real temperance, and not that which is connected with "the Alliance." The fanatics whose creed is "Total Abstinence" (though not from meat and virulent abuse) would doubtless say, "You must not place temptation in the poor man's way: if the labourer has a barrel of beer in his house, he will not rest satisfied until he has drunk it and been made drunk by it." To which one might reply, "If you have a joint of beef before you, do you leave any of it for the next day? If I have not only barrels of beer in my cellar, but wine and spirits also, does it necessarily follow that I must be tipling all day long?" The fact is, that in five cases out of six the poor man who, on rare occasions, gets fuddled or overcome at the public-house, is not the person who is most to blame. His landlord may have lodged him in a hovel far inferior in its adaptation to its destined purpose than are the stables for the horses or the stalls for the oxen. And

if poor Hodge occasionally exchanges the wretched squalor and discomfort of his home for the comparative brightness and cosiness of the village ale-house, what wonder is it if, when being there and pressed to drink by jovial company, he should sometimes succumb to the influence of the hour and of the drugged drink? Very rarely indeed can "publican's beer" be obtained from the village public-house at less than fourteenpence the gallon, and its usual price is sixteenpence, for which is supplied a thick nauseous liquor, in which coculus indicus and the like ingredients create a maddening thirst. The vendors of this stuff will tell you that the agricultural labourers prefer it to a poorer and thinner drink. And it is quite possible that this may be partly true, and that Hodge may need education not only in the three R's, but also in his taste for beer. All we would ask is, give him a trial. Keep him away from the public-house and all its abominations, not only by giving him a decent home to live in and a plot of garden to cultivate, but also by enabling him to have in his own house his own barrel of beer, that he may share it with his wife and growing children, who need it as badly as he himself does. Show him the way in which he may help himself in these matters, or, if need be, help him a little in them; and we fully believe that the foul weed of drunkenness would be greatly thinned, if not wholly eradicated, through the medium of village beer-clubs.

SHAM ANTIQUITIES.

WHEN Jonathan Oldbuck was holding forth to Lovel upon the outline of the supposed entrenchment, as marking without doubt the situation of a Roman outwork on the site of the decisive battle-ground between Agricola and the Caledonians, the unexpected interruption of Edie Ochiltrees—"I was at the digging of it," might be taken as a warning to other antiquarians, than he of Monkbairns. When once the mind allows itself to travel back to past ages, it is difficult to recall it; we canter along so smoothly upon the nag Imagination, that it seems an offence to be suddenly recalled by the voice of Common Sense. Hence we suppose the ease with which we lend ourselves so often to be duped in the matter of ancient relics by designing rascals, whose opinions upon any ordinary question would not weigh with us a rush. Never was the saying, "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing" more applicable than to those persons who have a momentary antiquarian craze upon them. This is a complaint we are liable to take just like the measles, and there are quacks ever upon the watch to profit by the contagion. Inquiring of the hall porter at the British Museum the other day if forged antiquities were ever offered there, he gave a grim smile, "Lord bless ye, sir, never a day passes over without our being brought them sort of tackle," and suiting the action to the word, he pulled out a box from under his desk containing a miscellaneous assortment of daggers, vases with confused inscriptions upon them, knives, and other articles that had evidently not been long cast in lead, subjected to an acid, and smeared with mud. "The gent as brought these very 'important ancient relics' was quite mad because we told him they was forged—went away in a pet, and we never saw him again." In all probability this credulous individual had boasted to his friends that these things which he had purchased as they were dug up, as he said, by some navigators in the excavations going on at Shadwell, were very valuable, and finding out his mistake, thought it best to leave them, and cover his retreat by saying they were now in the Museum. We understand the art of manufacturing relics has become in the metropolis a regular occupation. No sooner is some great public work decided upon—some dock to be excavated, some ancient building to be demolished—than these gentry prepare for the occasion. Their game has long ceased to be the genuine collectors, who are well versed in the matter; these they avoid. The casual passer-by, however, is sure to fall into the snare prepared before with rare art. It is as necessary for these knaves to have the appropriate scenery for the little play they have in hand as it is for the actor. The actual fabricator, however, never appears upon the scene. The ancient relics are beforehand given to the navigators, who share in the plunder, and just as the stranger passes by they are carelessly tossed up by the spade. "That's a curious thing, master," the rogue remarks; the other navvies crowd round, and the *mise en scène* is complete. As "seeing is believing," there are very few that are able to resist the bait; it is gorged, in fact, for fear of another purchaser appearing as a competitor. The river Thames is, at the same time, the conservator of many genuine relics of a past age, and the prolific mother of many bastards.

The shorerakers, as they are termed, are well versed in all the arts of getting out of this river articles that were never legitimately deposited there. In the celebrated trial of Eastwick against the *Athenæum*, some years since, two of these worthies—Billy and Charley—proved how lucrative the game is in experienced hands. These cunning fellows, "put up" in the matter by still more cunning fellows behind, "discovered" no less than two thousand "pilgrims' signs" in the mud of the dock then being dug at Shadwell, and what was more cunning still, they managed to sell them to the extent of £400 to one of the largest dealers in curiosities in London. In "Quentin Durward" we all remember the leaden image Louis XI. placed in his cap; these images, it was asserted, were of a similar nature, used by pilgrims when visiting any particular shrine. In what manner upwards of two thousand of them could have fairly got into the Thames, in one confined spot near the present swing bridge, puzzled the members of the British Archaeological Society, and upon an examination the whole of them were pronounced to be forgeries, apparently cast in chalk moulds, the graving tools being nails and penknives. Bishops were equipped in mitres of different forms, some of them dating back to the twelfth century. The military figures were equally absurd. It was asserted that these relics were of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, hence they bore upon their own face the proof of their having been forged. How many of these signs have found their way into private collections we know not; some of them were purchased by Mr. Franks for the British Museum, but they have never been exhibited. Our country friends, however, cannot afford to grin at the Cockneys for the facility with which they are imposed upon. They should remember the exploits in the same line of the celebrated Flint Jack, by whom Yorkshire and the northern counties have been flooded with fraudulent flint instruments. This celebrated individual, who has not long since come out of prison, manages, with a piece of bent iron rod, a soft hammer, and a bradawl, to manufacture adze-heads and arrow-heads which cannot be distinguished from the genuine articles. We believe, indeed, that it is impossible to distinguish them from the undoubted specimens of the Stone Age that are occasionally found in barrows and other places of sepulture of the inhabitants of that period. The flint is so hard that any amount of time is insufficient to mar the sharpness of its edges when buried in a state of rest; neither does time tell upon the material in any other way, hence the only guarantee of the genuineness that can be obtained for any flint adze or arrow head, is the fact that it has been obtained from a barrow that has never been disturbed. Flint Jack knows this well, and the proof of his having manufactured them, independently of his confession of the fact and public exhibition of the method in which he made them before the members of the Geological Society, rests upon his indiscretion in having on one occasion stuck upon an arrow-head he had made, by the aid of alum, some chips inadvertently broken off. Upon these specimens being boiled, to free them from the dirt in which they were incrustated, these pieces fell off and discovered the cheat. This clever vagabond has been going about the northern counties for the last five-and-twenty years, not only manufacturing false Celts, but making British pottery. For this purpose he has been in the habit of visiting various local museums to note the ornamentation and the lettering occasionally to be found on such articles—forging in fact in clay, just as the forger of bank-notes works with the real paper currency before him. Some of the dealers in antiquities, unknowingly of course, sometimes sell these clever vagabonds old coins, who hide, in order to find them at an appropriate moment. Mr. Eastwood admitted that he sold coins to navigators, and such-like. He was not aware what they did with them; but reading as we do, by the light of these transactions in sham antiquities, there can be little doubt they are not purchased for any honest purpose.

ANOTHER GRIEVANCE.

ONE would think that in such weather as we have had lately it would be impossible for a man to consider any grievance but that of being kept in London. Our vigorous English intellect, however, rises superior to atmospheric conditions, and the columns of the *Times* have their ordinary supply of more or less ingenious complaints. Among these there is one which will provoke a sympathetic throb in the bosom of many a householder. The grievance exhibited is simply that there is no one in authority who seems to look after the numbering of our streets; and that the fortuitous and blundering manner in which the houses of London are some-

times numbered gives rise to the most awkward mistakes. The correspondent of the *Times* lives in No. 59 of a street in "the remotest wilds of Kensington." Unfortunately, however, the preceding numbers, down to 30, are missing, and the gap is filled up by a series of those elegant names with which the suburban Londoner loves to decorate his villa. The street is numbered correctly enough up to 30; then comes "Minerva Cottage, with a statue wrested from the ruins of a bankrupt insurance company;" followed by "Laburnum Villa, without a shrub in front;" which, in its turn, is succeeded by Albert Terrace. The occupier of No. 59 describes the heartrending consequences of this irregularity. He invites people to dinner; they drive up as far as No. 30, and then, having sought about in vain for the distant 59, they depart, vowing vengeance against him as the perpetrator of a cruel and unmannerly joke. Sometimes, indeed, they discover the house, and arrive in time to find "cold soup, dislocated fish, and scowling guests;" others go off in wrath, cut the unhappy 59 ever afterwards, and inform whomsoever they meet that he gives imaginary dinners in a fictitious house. Considering that this state of things has the most fatal effect on the temper, comfort, and respectability of No. 59, we cannot do otherwise than heartily sympathize with him in his particular case. But the general system of which he complains suggests a few further considerations.

Firstly, every dweller in a street, square, or terrace is anxious to have some distinctive mark upon his house, both for his own convenience and the guidance of his friends. Where there is nothing to distinguish one house from another but the number painted in black letters at the gate, the most disastrous blunders are always imminent. There are some strange stories told of those suburban districts around London where contractors run up long blocks of buildings, chiefly for the accommodation of newly-married couples. These barracks, as a rule, show no difference whatever between the houses, except the number, and that during the night is invisible. They say, for instance, that the tenant of one of those houses, a young husband of little experience in domestic crises, had suddenly, at dead of night, to fly for a doctor. So flustered was he in returning with his scientific friend that he omitted to look at the number of the house, knocked at the wrong door, dashed past the person who opened it (another young husband, in the extreme of undress, whose wife happened to be quite well), and did not discover his mistake until he and the doctor had entered the principal bedroom and found there, instead of a patient, his neighbour's wife. Unfortunately, also, the neighbour treated the matter as an impertinent joke, and was for thrashing them both on the spot. Instead of an insignificant number, the dweller in barracks prefers to give his house a well-sounding name, painted in large letters on the grey plaster pillar which stands on either side of the green gate. Your true Londoner loves euphonious titles. Pauncefort House is surely a better designation than No. 161, Brown-street, and it is quite as inexpensive. The occupant of a narrow slice of a long barrack-like building does not see why he should not call his house a villa as well as any one else; and so, between Nos. 3 and 5 of Grocer-terrace we suddenly find De Montfort Villa. Nos. 3 and 5 are probably commercial travellers, or shopkeepers, or maiden ladies who let the ground floor; but De Montfort Villa is the home of a roseate publican, who drives down of a Sunday to Hampton Court in a natty dogcart and loudly orders at the hotel a dinner of beef-steaks and stout. Perhaps, however, the most ludicrous names which the wanderer about the suburbs cannot fail to observe are those which do really belong to villas. The word "villa" having come to mean anything which has four walls and a bit of garden, the owners of villas properly so called must needs invent some new designation for their houses. Every domain of human knowledge has, in consequence, been explored for words of sonorous syllables; until the passer-by begins to feel that he is walking among the shattered remains of a scientific dictionary. History, biography, the natural sciences, and the arts alike furnish their quota. A venerable Chartist, having grown rich, and purchased a brick and stucco villa at Stamford-hill, erects his sign as "Five-Point Lodge." A man who has made some money by railways calls his house at Homerton "Stephenson Place." Then we have "The Elms," a modern peaked cottage, with nothing taller in the garden than a few dusty laurels; "The Cedars," an "establishment for young ladies" at Clapham; "Acacia Grove," a bare building overlooking the embankment of a railway; and "Linden Avenue," a small and dingy house jammed in between two taverns. The people who name suburban houses seem, however, to have a special liking for the old historic families of England. Shabby little houses, which could not have cost above £300 or £400, are named after the Beauforts, Cecils, and Staffords; and some-

times reach the dignity of Plantagenet Place or Chichester Lawn. After all, no one supposes that there ought to be any sort of subtle harmony between a house and the name of it. Until we have arrived at some method of classifying the various genera and species of buildings, and until we can accurately define a house as one would describe a plant, there can be no reason why the owner should not give it that designation which most commends itself to him on account of its size and sound. The name of a house is that part of it which costs least; and a wise landlord will endeavour to propitiate whatever young people may be looking out for a home by offering them a splendid address for the corner of their note-paper.

With the aggrieved writer to the *Times*, nevertheless, we hold that there ought to be some method in this madness of nomenclature. The inhabitants of one street have no right to fall out among themselves, and worry, not only each other, but every inquiring visitor, by the inconsistency of numbering some of the houses, and naming others. The slow and steady progress of numbers along the street for a certain distance, followed by an abrupt gap, and then continued again, reminds us of the trick to which a hunted rabbit resorts in snow-time. She runs a certain distance, leaving the regular line of foot-prints on the snow; and then she suddenly takes a prodigious leap in the endeavour to leave such a gap in the track as shall baffle her pursuers. Except for the purpose of avoiding the inquiries of creditors, one cannot see any object in this sudden stoppage and recovery of numbers in the street which has moved the wrath of No. 59. We have heard of a tipsy gentleman who was so resolved to make no mistake about the discovery of a number in a certain street, in which all the odd numbers were on one side, and all the even on the other, that he was observed to stagger across the street from number to number, pertinaciously counting one, two, three, and so on. Even he would be at a loss if the thread of numbers were to be suddenly dropped, and succeeded by a series of mellifluous historical titles. The *Times*' correspondent appeals to Sir John Thwaites. We do not know that it is the duty of that much-harassed knight to see that landlords give their painters proper directions; but Sir John Thwaites, Sir Richard Mayne, and one or two other public functionaries, have lately shown such an obliging readiness to perform the office of scapegoat for the sins and omissions of others, that we do not despair of seeing No. 59's urgent entreaty responded to. But, where the *amour propre* of so many worthy citizens is concerned, we hope there will be no gratuitous tyranny. A right-minded Londoner will yield up the beautiful designation of his home with the grief and despair which marked the enforced abandonment of kilts on the part of the Scotch. The time has gone by when we should have considered it the duty of Government to order the abolition of certain names; and as there are no lawless clans among us, Sir John Thwaites may reply to the appeal of No. 59 by simply directing that such householders as love to call their little villa "Grosvenor Lodge" will also inscribe the street-number underneath, in the streets where numbers prevail.

CHAPERONES.

THERE exists in society a class of beings whose wrongs—patiently and amiably as they appear to be borne—deserve some consideration at the hands of every one who possesses the smallest spark of sympathy for his fellow-creatures; and that is the estimable and much-enduring race to whom is given the distinctive title of Chaperones. It would be an interesting and valuable addition to contemporary literature were some diligent person to devote all his powers of mind and energy of purpose to the discovery of the origin and nature of their existence. In the absence, however, of such a work, we must be content with what little can be gleaned from observation and experience. As to their origin it would be useless here to bestow much attention. Now as to their purpose. It must be supposed that they are intended to protect and look after the young and giddy damsels intrusted to their care, it being assumed that these damsels are perfectly incapable of taking care of themselves, or else that there is a doubt as to the propriety they would observe in their intercourse with the men they are likely to be thrown amongst. Two young ladies happen to be asked to a dance at a friend's house: they cannot go unless they are escorted by their mother, or some female who has the requisite qualifications of old age and being married; so some old woman, whose proper place would be in bed, or, at any rate, attending to duties of a more serious character, is to be dragged out, and kept for five or six hours staring in tired and restless impatience at a parcel of

young people, supposed to be enjoying themselves by undergoing a vast amount of unnecessary heat and fatigue. It is only reasonable to infer that in a friend's house young ladies would be just as safe—of however volatile a disposition—as in their own homes: the men they meet there, from the fact of their being received in society, are presumed to be gentlemen, and consequently of unexceptionable character. What necessity therefore should there be to inflict such a heavy penalty on aged women, to the serious injury of their health and the undoubted shortening of their lives? An ordinary London girl who has seen her two or three seasons is the last person in the world to make a fool of herself: she is far too experienced and far too knowing. Moreover, as a rule, she would care about as much for the admonitions or remonstrances of her mother as she would for a tom-cat: her ordinary demeanour towards her respected parent is at once insolent and ungracious. The scenes that nightly take place at this time of the year, towards the fag-end of the evening, are calculated to impress a contemplative and observant mind with anything but an exalted notion of the perfectibility of the female character. Tired and anxious mothers rush up to their daughters with a "Now, my dear, you positively must go; it's getting very late, and the carriage has been waiting these two hours." To this plaintive appeal the dutiful and interesting young creature would probably deign no answer whatever, but at once glide off into the maze of the seductive dance. Again does the persistent and much-wronged mother, watching her opportunity, attack her daughter. This time she will perhaps be favoured with an answer much to this effect: "I wish you wouldn't bother; I'm not going yet, I can tell you." The poor mother has again to retire to her seat, sick at heart and half dead with fatigue, consoled only by the idea that perhaps her dear Julia is managing to entrap some guileless and gilded youth. After a time, and after much exertion, she succeeds in getting her daughter nearly out of the room, when, lo! the band strikes up the "Brighton Pavilion," or some other attractive galop, and with an "Oh! I must have this one dance," the sweet girl, with her partner, rushes back into the ball-room. And thus it goes on, until the attentive philosopher is positively sickened at what he sees of this phase of the fair sex, and more than ever resolved to exercise the greatest care and discrimination before intrusting his happiness to a woman—so desirable an example of whom he has just had the opportunity of studying. Surely the system must be wrong which permits, or is the cause of, so lamentable an exhibition of the female character, an instance of which can be seen in any ball-room in London. At a public ball it is really quite painful, at an advanced hour of the night, to look round the room and see the array of wearied old women. They have exhausted their supply of small talk and scandal, and now sit patiently waiting for the blessed time when their daughters will be pleased to go home. Why should they be there? They are only a source of inconvenience and annoyance to their charges, serve no purpose whatever, and would be far better at home. The fathers don't come. Trust them! Why, then, should the mothers? Of course it is not contended that a girl should come to a dance alone, but she could come with her sisters or brothers, or, in the absence of such convenient appendages, with other young friends. In this way much discomfort would be saved, an infinitely greater feeling of innocent enjoyment would prevail amongst the dancers, and with any right-minded girls—and those only we have in view—not the least harm could possibly ensue. It really seems as if it were some desperate expedient to hasten the end of parents. It is a barbarous and cruel practice, and the sooner the subject engages the attention of some philanthropical character, the better will it be for the country at large. One partial remedy, however, presents itself as being equally feasible and equally desirable; and that is, that, instead of invitations being, as now, issued for half-past ten, which means half-past eleven, dances should be made to begin at the more sensible hour of nine, so that every one could get away at one or two o'clock. How hard a fate is it for a young man, for instance, who may have official duties that call him out at half-past ten every day, to be night after night kept up until three or four in the morning! They get so tired and wearied that, like young ladies, a dance ceases to be an amusement, but rather a penance they must perform, if they wish to preserve a footing in society. It is melancholy enough to observe the ennuied, vacant air of a London girl whose life is passed principally in the ball-room; much the same can unhappily be traced amongst the stronger sex. It is an unenviable lot for them, many having to dance all night, and exercise their faculties during the day. Could not Sir Richard Mayne issue a proclamation to the effect that all people who give dances must close their establishments at one or two

o'clock? A public boon would be conferred on two much aggrieved classes—chaperones and young men. A raid by the police on some duchess's ball-room at two a.m. would be quite refreshing and create a most welcome and delightful sensation. What would be more charmingly interesting than to find amongst the Police Intelligence in the *Times* that Lady Anna Sophonisba had been summoned before the magistrates for that she did permit her house to be open at unlawful hours—viz., two a.m.—for the purposes of dancing, which said dancing, at that hour in the morning, is considered by the Legislature to be conducive to the abbreviation of life amongst the aged, the cause of pale and faded cheeks to the young of the fair sex, and amongst the men highly detrimental to the due performance of their duties as citizens and men of the world? It is clear that young men must dance and flirt with young women; but if those laudable practices are carried to excess, to the destruction of their natural energy and vigour, and consequent weakening of their intellects, a deterioration of character will take place amongst them, which is a sure prelude to the decline of the country and the loss of its prestige and dignity. An excess of dancing and general frivolity produced the downfall of ancient Rome—so all professors tell us, and writers of moral essays. But the Romans, resting on their fancied security, relaxed in their attention to national duties, gave themselves up to pleasure and the most enervating pursuits, lost all their habits of industry and mental activity, and now we see the result—decadence and ruin. Let our public men look to it. A law should be at once framed and passed limiting the hours of amusements. It may be rather late to suggest such an enactment now, but it should be borne in mind, otherwise there will be at some future season a fearful mortality amongst the upper classes; the nation will feel it is losing its gist and stamina, and cannot but yield up that enviable position as the first amongst the other countries of the world, which it has hitherto been its proud privilege to possess.

SKETCHES FROM THE HOUSE.

BY THE SILENT MEMBER.

IT has not escaped the notice of "the intelligent foreigner" that our representative system is seen to the least advantage on the eve of a general election. The Government that may happen to be in office cease, by "unerring instinct," from attempting any legislation which can offend influential classes of the community, or injure the electioneering prospects of their supporters. Did Mr. Monk know that the near approach of a general election was favourable to the chances of his Revenue Officers' Disabilities Removal Bill, the object of which is to allow Revenue officers to vote at elections of members of Parliament? The member for Gloucester had waited night after night in the Commons in the hope of forwarding his measure by a single stage against the pertinacious opposition of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Government officials. On Monday he sat in the Members' Gallery of the Lords, with raised eyebrows, and astonishment depicted in every feature, listening to the Lord Chancellor, whose forensic eloquence was employed in the earnest, unqualified, and unhesitating support of the Bill! Does Mr. Monk think that he writes his name upon the Statute Book by force of the intrinsic merits of his measure, or does he surmise that the near approach of the general election may have had something to do with the passing of his Bill?

The second reading of the Bill in the Commons was carried by a "fluke." The Bill was the first order. The petitions were few. Questions were postponed because there was no Minister present to answer them, and when Mr. Monk rose there was not a soul on the Treasury Bench. An astute friend called out to him to "Move!" Soze is the struggle before the man who has prepared an elaborate and unanswerable speech can bring himself to deprive the world of his well-turned periods. But Mr. Monk did "move;" the Bill was read a second time; and immediately afterwards our Falstaffian Chancellor of the Exchequer "larding the lean earth as he walked along," was seen hurrying through the lobby into the House.

The House laughed, but the First Minister was angry when he was told what had happened, and let off more "steam" than is usual with him. Mr. Graham had carried his amendment, altering the boundaries of Glasgow, against the Government by a majority of five, owing to the absence of some of those Ministerial subordinates whose duty it is to "make a House, keep a House, and cheer the Minister." So Colonel Taylor was called to the Premier's side next day, and then and there received a severe "wiggling" for not keeping his team in

better order. He went away to execute instructions, but when he tried to tighten the reins one of the subordinates, the Comptroller of the Royal Household, bolted, and sent in his resignation. Mutual explanations followed, in the course of which, there is some reason to believe, the senior whip was "thrown over." He absented himself from the House, takes no more interest in divisions, and, unless the breach is healed, will never more be officer of Mr. Disraeli's. Young Mr. Noel, the active assistant-whip, was put over the head of Mr. Whitmore, the second in command, one of the delinquent absentees, and during Colonel Taylor's recent absence Mr. Noel has announced the numbers on Government divisions and discharged all the functions of the Ministerial whip in chief.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer next promised himself the gratification of "squashing" the Bill on the motion for going into Committee. Mr. Monk waited patiently for several nights, and when, in a thin House, his Bill came on, he unexpectedly found that the friends of the Bill, most of whom sat around him below the Opposition gangway, were in a majority. So he moved (although long after midnight) that the House go into Committee on the Bill. The Chancellor of the Exchequer said he had received a letter from Mr. Gladstone stating that Mr. Monk would not propose to go into Committee that night (June 12). On that understanding, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone, and other members had left the House. Mr. Otway explained that, at the request of Mr. Gladstone, he had undertaken to ask Mr. Monk not to proceed with the Bill that night, but Mr. Gladstone left the House before he had an opportunity of doing so. The House divided on the adjournment of the debate, and there was found to be a majority of 16 for going on with the Bill. Lord E. Hill Trevor, a Conservative, then moved the adjournment of the House, and Mr. Monk professed his willingness to have the debate adjourned if the Government would give him a morning sitting for the discussion. The Earl of Mayo said that, in the absence of the First Minister, it was impossible to do so. The question was put and negatived, but the Ministerial benches were determined to use all the weapons at the disposal of the minority to prevent any progress with the Bill that night. So Mr. Powell moved the adjournment of the debate, whereupon there was another division. As it was now two in the morning, the House had naturally thinned, and Mr. Monk's majority was by this time reduced to nine. Before the division, the Chancellor of the Exchequer left his seat, and, coming round to the front Opposition bench, whence he could hold private parley with Mr. Monk, he said that, in the absence of the Premier, he could not venture to derange the order of business, so as to give the Bill a place in the orders on a future day, but that he would use his influence with Mr. Disraeli, so that Mr. Monk should lose nothing by his courtesy. Mr. Monk accepted these assurances, and the order for Committee was fixed for Friday, the 15th June.

When the Premier knew what had taken place during his absence, he consented to Mr. Monk's Bill being put down as the first order of the day on Friday. The concession appeared to be graceful, but an "untoward event" occurred which rendered it valueless. The House was "counted out" that night as soon as it met, and the member for Gloucester profited nothing by the favour. The "count out" was said to have been effected not without the privy and consent of the Premier, for the Registration Bill was down that night, and it was thought that by a little dexterous delay the elections might be staved off from November to January.

When the Bill at length came on, it was opposed by Mr. Gladstone as well as by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Commissioners of Customs and the Commissioners of the Board of Inland Revenue had sent in respectively a formidable statement of reasons against the Bill, declaring that it would be fatal to discipline among the officers, and that they could hardly be responsible for the due collection of the revenue if it passed. These representations printed as a Parliamentary paper it was thought would be conclusive against the Bill, when coupled with the opposition of the late and present Chancellors of the Exchequer.

The House of Commons, on the other hand, by means of the agitation among the Civil servants, have had a glimpse or two behind the scenes, and know something of the terrorism, oppression, and favouritism exercised by these Boards. Last year a conference of ill-paid and ill-used servants of the Board of Inland Revenue was held at Exeter Hall. They revealed almost incredible instances of mismanagement and personal hardship. Almost every man felt that he came there with a rope round his neck, for the Commissioners had almost denied them the right of respectful complaint, and the humblest representations were regarded as an act of insubordination to be

punished by loss of favour, if not by dismissal. So the House of Commons, simply disbelieving the confident and terrible assertions of the Commissioners of Customs and Inland Revenue, passed the Bill.

Every one said that the Government with its assured majority in the Lords, would cause the Bill to be thrown out on Monday last on the second reading. There was a large attendance of peers. Lord Abinger, grandson of the distinguished lawyer, Sir James Scarlett, whom he resembles in feature and still more in his fine personal presence, took charge of the Bill in the Lords, and he moved the second reading. Lord Abinger was followed by the Lord Chancellor. To the inconceivable astonishment of the House Lord Cairns warmly supported the measure. He told their lordships that the Government had opposed the Bill because the Boards of Customs and Inland Revenue had reported against it, but that the Prime Minister was all the time secretly anxious that it should pass! Now that the House of Commons had overruled the objections of the heads of departments, the Government saw no reason why the Bill should not be carried. They were, on the contrary, most anxious to enfranchise those most deserving men, the Civil servants of the Crown.

The Lord Chancellor having got his brief from the Premier, went to work with it in strictly forensic fashion. If there had not been this occult change in the views of the Government upon the eve of a general election we felt certain that Lord Cairns would have fallen tooth and nail upon Mr. Monk's Bill. We could even imagine the solemnity with which he would have recited the disastrous consequences to the discipline of the public service and the collection of the public revenue which, in the opinion of those best qualified to judge, would result from the passing of the Bill. But the wind lying in the other quarter, and the brief coming from the other side, the Lord Chancellor fell upon the Commissioners instead of Mr. Monk, and tore the "reasons" to pieces, controverting and disputing some, and pooh-poohing others, until these great little men cut rather a ridiculous figure in their lordship's eyes.

It happened, rather awkwardly, that this sudden change of opinion on the part of the Government left Mr. Gladstone in a somewhat ambiguous and unpopular position. He had committed himself at the invitation of the Government, to an opposition to the Bill, and now when the Revenue officers were to be invited to vote, with a sudden gush of gratitude, in favour of the Government which had discovered such ingenious and exquisite reasons for passing Mr. Monk's Bill, Mr. Gladstone seemed to be "left out in the cold," as the only enemy of the Revenue officers. But on the eve of a general election, as in love and war, everything, we suppose, is fair. Lord Granville would have continued Mr. Gladstone's opposition to the Bill, but for the "change of front" effected by the Government. As it was, he would only hint his doubt about the true motives of the Government, and allow the Bill to pass the second reading.

Thus we see how fortunate it was for the Revenue Officers that Mr. Ward Hunt has "more flesh," if not more frailty, "than other men." A thinner man might have got to his seat on the Treasury Bench in time, and then the Bill would probably have been thrown out on the second reading, and we should never have known (until Mr. Disraeli was in opposition) how strongly he all the time was in favour of the measure. Mr. Monk has a right to be proud of carrying the Bill against the whole weight of the Government and front Opposition Bench, but he must not be too conceited. The member who really carried the Bill, was the friend who cried "Move!" on Wednesday, the 10th of June. It was a short speech, which even a "Silent Member" might have ventured to make, but it has enfranchised the whole body of Revenue officers. The Chancellor of the Exchequer bitterly complained afterwards that Mr. Monk had departed from the usual course by not making a speech on the second reading, which would have given him ample opportunity to reach the House in time to offer opposition to the motion.

It is suggested that the Government feel that they are likely to require all the aid they can get at the coming elections, and that they are not above desiring to cultivate the good opinion of the Civil servants by giving them the franchise. There is good reason to believe that the public will not be injured by allowing Revenue officers to vote at elections of members of Parliament. As for the Civil servants of the Crown, they are now certain to receive the measure of justice they demanded at the Exeter-Hall Conference, and which a deputation explained one evening to as many members as could be collected in the Tea-room. The extravagance, anomalies, and disadvantages of the present mode of assessing and collecting the national revenue are most flagrant, as any one may satisfy himself by

reading a work, published by Pitman, entitled "Our Postal and Revenue Establishments, by a Civil Servant." The author is said to be Mr. Meikle, of Reigate, who presided over the Exeter Hall Conference of officers of the Inland Revenue with great ability, and who has in this volume given an admirable digest of the evidence taken before Mr. Horsfall's Select Committee on Inland Revenue and Customs Establishments. The Board of Inland Revenue have pressed heavily upon the inferior officers of Inland Revenue; but, as in nicely-balanced constituencies, a few votes of Civil servants may turn the scale, members of the House of Commons will be sure in future to watch over the interests of these intelligent and conscientious, but at the same time depressed, wretchedly-paid, and ill-used members of the Civil Service.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

If we may believe the pacific professions of the French Government organs, it is a thousand pities that Paris and Berlin do not lay their heads together to concoct a scheme for simultaneous disarmament. A tenth of the pains they are at to perfect their preparedness for war would solve the not very difficult question of disarming, and would relieve Europe of infinite anxiety. It is in vain that the Emperor of the French professes pacific intentions while he is arming to the teeth. The more numerous and emphatic the professions, the greater the suspicion with which they are regarded, because the Prince who makes them has the power, and does not use it, to prove their sincerity. The *Moniteur du Soir* of Wednesday says that the speech of the Marquis de Moustier in the Legislative Body affords a fresh guarantee of the moderate and conciliatory ideas presiding over every step of the Imperial diplomacy, because the Marquis said that France had carefully abstained from raising questions in Germany; because, far from pursuing a policy of mistrust and irritation, it had neglected nothing to appease the public mind, and because France had never advised Austria to assume a hostile attitude towards Prussia. If all this were true, which it is not, how is Europe to be assured by it? The insuperable fact remains that France is ready to wage the most desolating war, perhaps, that Europe has ever seen.

No news from Spain would astonish us unless Mr. Reuter were to telegraph that the Government had undertaken to pay its debts. The expulsion of the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier is amongst the surprises that surprise no one. The exculpation of the Duke by the Minister who has sent him out of the country is perfectly in keeping with the morality and patriotism of Spanish Ministers. The Duke had preserved his respectability so well that he had become an object of admiration to the people, and therefore of suspicion to the Government. But the fact of his arrest and deportation is really trivial in comparison with the elevation of such a man as Gonzales Bravo to the Premiership. There are countries in which men rise to the chief power in the State by the right of birth, or capacity, or character, or modified unions of all those qualities. But Gonzales Bravo rules Spain without one of these qualifications. Edwin James, if he were still amongst us, which, happily, he is not, would perhaps be ashamed of being compared to the present Prime Minister of Spain; and we are not sure that he might not be able to claim an appreciable superiority over the Spanish Minister. But the day appears to be, as yet, distant, when Spaniards will awake to a right sense of their national dignity. A people who consent to be governed by such a man as Bravo cannot complain of the much less disgraceful fact that the Queen's sister and brother-in-law have been sent out of the country by a process less considerate than a drum-head court-martial, and in spite of their admitted innocence of the conspiracy, whatever it may have been, which has led to these high-handed proceedings.

THE Bill to remove the disabilities of the officers in the Post Office, Custom House, and Inland Revenue, has made a leap towards success in a rather unexpected manner. Mr. Monk, in the absence of Mr. Hunt, who had intended to oppose it, and probably reckoned upon the member for Gloucester making a long speech in favour of the Bill, proposed the second reading without a word to explain or recommend it, and the motion was carried without a division. The House, having so far committed itself to the Bill, met with a point blank refusal the attempt to prevent its going into committee. There remained, of course, the

possibility that the measure would founder in the House of Lords; but the Ministry probably believed that they had done as much as was tolerable in bringing the two Houses into bitter antagonism on the Irish Church question without risking further irritation on the comparatively trifling question whether the clerks in their Government offices should be allowed the right which has been conceded to a householding retailer of lollypops of voting for a member of Parliament.

WHEN the Bill came before the Upper House on Monday, the Lord Chancellor stated the objections which had been made to it by the Boards of the Custom House and Inland Revenue. They had four grand objections to the measure, and Lord Cairns, speaking for the Ministry, gave the House the best possible reasons for ignoring those objections. It is not worth while to recapitulate them. They are met and crushed at once by the conclusive fact that the franchise is already enjoyed, as Lord Cairns observed, by "that large class of civil servants who are under the control of the Treasury, who are connected with the departments of the Secretaries of State, who are under the superintendence of the Admiralty and of the War Department." Why the civil servants in the Post Office, Customs, and Inland Revenue should be ostracized, no one except the Boards of the two latter departments has been able to see; the heads of departments in the Post Office have shown their good sense by making no report. But in reading the Lord Chancellor's speech in the Lords, we cannot resist imagining what the Chancellor of the Exchequer's arguments on the very same points would have been if he had reached the House in time to oppose Mr. Monk's motion. We should probably then have heard that it would be dangerous to intrust the 40,000 civil servants in the three revenue departments, because each of them would require a day's holiday to give his vote; because inferior officers might think that their promotion would depend on how they pleased their superiors in the way they voted; because they would be placed in an invidious position in being subjected to temptation; and because they might combine to further their own interests. Fortunately for the Ministry, Mr. Hunt lost the opportunity of indorsing these flimsy arguments with the Government stamp, and it was reserved for Lord Cairns to laugh them quietly out of court.

THE Orange festivals passed off in comparative quiet, but not without a display of the spirit which animates the peculiar institution which has received the honour of Mr. Disraeli's patronage. The Party Processions Act seems to have been openly defied, and in Blackburn a riot took place, the result of a demonstration and Kentish fire. The celebrated Mr. Harper presided at the tea which followed the disturbance, and we learn from the papers that the speeches were of a "thorough Protestant character." A show of a similar kind was held in Liverpool, but without any disagreeable consequences. It is gratifying to record that Murphy has been stopped from lecturing at Bolton. His circus was taken down, and he was driven off in a cab by the police, and brought before the magistrates, who made him find bail for his good behaviour. On his return to his lodgings his reception by the populace, writes the *Manchester Examiner*, was anything but complimentary.

THE Irish newspapers are so occupied with patriotism, Orangeism, and reports of corporation meetings that they have not room for a line upon the death of Lover. If he had been a distinguished Poor-law commissioner or a circuit barrister his obituary would not have been limited to an extract from the "Men of the Time."

SAMUEL LOVER's funeral was a strictly private one. The body was removed from Jersey, and conveyed to the residence of Mr. Edward Phillips, Oxford-terrace, Edgware-road, on Tuesday last, and the next morning was interred at Kensal-green Cemetery. The principal mourners were Mrs. Lover (the widow of the deceased), the Rev. W. Worley, M.A., the Rev. G. Morris, M.A. (brothers-in-law to deceased), the Rev. E. Hamilton Nelson, M.A., incumbent of St. Stephen's, Avenue-road, St. John's-wood, Mr. Fred Peak, solicitor, and the Rev. H. C. Davis. The service was read by the Rev. E. H. Nelson, M.A., assisted by the Rev. H. C. Davis, M.A., and the coffin was then placed by the side of the two daughters of the poet, Lucy and Meta Lover. The grave is in the eastern division of the cemetery, and is situated between those of Mr. John Cassell,

the publisher, and Mr. John M'Dougal Stewart, the well-known Australian explorer.

THE fate of a tramp who is not a genuine tramp, and who does not even pretend to be such, but who, under the pressure of extraordinary difficulties, accepts shelter in the tramp-ward of a provincial workhouse, has been exemplified this week by a narrative which one James Austin sent to the *Times*. He was walking from Liverpool to London, and on the evening of the 9th of April, after having trudged twenty miles, found it impossible to obtain a lodging in Dunstable. Without any attempt to pass himself off as a real tramp, he obtained an order of admission to the tramp-ward. There unfortunately a member of the constabulary, proverbially officious when they are not needed, found him, and made him empty his pockets. After that he took him before "three gentlemen," who, when they had taken the depositions of the constable, relieving-officer, and tramp-wardsman in a private house, committed Austin to fourteen days' imprisonment, with costs of prosecution and of maintenance while in prison. He was sent, handcuffed, twenty miles, to Bedford, and, when he was released, out of £3. 2s. which he had in his possession when arrested, they returned him only £1. 2s. 2d. He thus paid £2 within 2d. for indulging the infamous belief that an honest industrious man might, upon a full explanation of his case, be allowed to rest for a few hours on his road from Liverpool to London in a tramp-ward. But what can be expected from country justices?

"A GUARDIAN," writing from Hitchin to the *Times* on the question of vagrancy, attributes its increase to the leniency of the magistrates; and to prove his point cites two cases, the latter of which is certainly novel. It was that of a woman who had in her possession thirty-seven shillings, and a skilfully-constructed *straw baby*, by means of which she excited compassion. Perhaps the worthy magistrates let the woman off from admiration of her ingenuity.

THE volunteers who took part in the Windsor review have been vindicated by the discussion of their irregularities in the House of Lords. Three corps broke their formation, and upon that fact the strongest terms of reprobation have been expended. But Earl Granville set the matter right by saying, as any man of common sense would say, that if it were true that some of the volunteers had started at four a.m., and had been kept twelve or fifteen hours without food, the temptation to "straggle" in such a locality as Windsor must have been enormous. Apart from this, the three inculpated corps have a right to say that the system hitherto pursued by volunteer officers of leaving the ranks the moment a review is over, is an utterly ridiculous system, of which nothing good can come, though much may arise out of it which is not good—"stragglings," for example. It is to be hoped that volunteer officers will henceforth bear in mind the Duke of Cambridge's warning that "if there is a moment when it is important that the officers should remain in the ranks, it is after a review is over." We hope also that those who have the organizing of these volunteer reviews will consider the justice of Lord Granville's advice, that "some regulation should be made to prevent the men from suffering from starvation." It is not always that the British public at large can appreciate the temptations under which a soldier or volunteer, after twelve or fifteen hours' exposure to sun and toil, may find himself almost constrained to "straggle." But, fortunately for the offending corps at Windsor, no one can plead ignorance this summer of the effects of the sun's rays. Upon a full consideration of the case, we are bound to declare the Windsor volunteers more sinned against than sinning.

SOME alarm has been felt at Wimbledon on the score of fire, the heat of the weather having made the grass as dry as tinder. On Tuesday the heath blazed up between Lord Spencer's cottage and the ammunition tent, but a trench was quickly dug round the point of danger, and a calamity obviated. A ladies' club has been already established at the camp, and a second is in course of formation. Why do not the ladies try a little rifle-shooting amongst each other, at a short range, and with light weapons?

KING THEODORE'S little son is now in England, and is reported, even when he had got no further than Plymouth, to have exclaimed—"Oh, this beautiful country! I shall never

go back." The young prince is described as an interesting lad, and it appears that his mother, who died shortly after the taking of Magdala, was a woman of superior character. Prince Dejatch Alamayou is accompanied by an Abyssinian servant, who, on going over the arsenal, appears by his observation—"Theodore should have seen!"—to have been astonished at what he saw. It is to be hoped that the poor little Abyssinian Prince will be allowed to forget antecedents which can never be profitable to him, and that his education will be so directed as to fit him for a position of industrious independence.

THE following account of a present of a statue, which the King of Prussia is about to give to the town of Peterhead, appears in the Edinburgh correspondent's letter of the *Ayrshire Express* :—

"Previous to the rebellion of 1715, Marshal Keith was proprietor of all the land in the neighbourhood, including that on which the town is built. For the part he took in the rebellion, however, he forfeited his estates, which were then bought by a company of fishermen. This company became embarrassed, and the property fell into the hands of the Merchant Maiden Hospital in Edinburgh, which still derives a considerable portion of its revenue from the fees. After leaving this country, the marshal went to Germany, and rose high into rank and favour in the Prussian service. Some time ago the town council of Peterhead learned that a marble statue of Marshal Keith at Berlin had been replaced by one of bronze, and that the former was lying in a dilapidated condition in one of the military schools. They therefore made efforts to secure possession of the marble statue, but these proved ineffectual. Lately, however, a public-spirited citizen took the matter up, and brought it under the notice of Count von Bismarck, who showed the letter to the King. His Majesty at once resolved to gratify the people of Peterhead, not by giving them the broken marble statue, but by presenting them with a new one in bronze, which is to be sent free to some convenient port in this country. This information was last week conveyed, through the Prussian Ambassador in London, to the gentleman who made the application."

THE accounts from the moors are generally favourable, though the dry season tests the birds severely in depriving them of water. The season will be a glorious one for partridge-shooters. The covies are large and thick everywhere. We have heard from Ireland that the promise of partridge-shooting has not been so good for many years. By the way, on what ground of natural history is partridge-shooting postponed in Ireland until the 20th September? The only reason offered is that the corn is standing until the end of August; but the birds are as often found in turnip and potato fields, and once put out of the corn, do not return to it until the next day.

One of our sporting contemporaries contains the following :—

"BEGINNING EARLY.—I saw a setter puppy of mine, ten weeks old, make a splendid point at a sparrow on the ground this morning; he stood for upwards of a minute in as fine form as any old dog, head well up, and stern out straight, and as stiff as a poker. Is it not unusual for so young a puppy? I have often seen them when four or five months old assume the cataleptic position at fowls, &c., but I never saw so young a puppy make so decided a point. The little animal and its tiny game were well matched.—*Avon*."

THE money-lending gentry are cropping up in the newspapers once more. The Marquis of Downshire has been courageous enough to question the claims of Messrs. Fitch & Barnett, who hold acceptances from the son of the marquis for £12,000. The precedent ought to be generally adopted. It may be that Messrs. Fitch & Barnett are perfectly trustworthy persons, but the public is concerned in understanding the ways and means of persons who advance cash to infants. A great number of men, greater than the average, have been obliged to sell out of the army this year, and many attribute their difficulties to the manner in which they had been entrapped into doing bills.

ANOTHER honour has been added to the already long list won at different times by that peculiar institution, a Welsh jury. It appears that at the Montgomery Quarter Sessions, held at Newtown, last week, before Mr. C. W. Wynne, M.P., and a bench of magistrates, a tailor, named John Welsh, was placed in the dock charged with stealing a milk-can, the property of David Davies, residing at Meifod. The prisoner was undefended, and the jury, after hearing the evidence, handed in a verdict of guilty, and Welsh was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, with hard labour. All this reads correctly enough, but a local newspaper, in calling attention to the circumstance, says that it has since transpired that, so far from

finding the prisoner guilty, the jury were unanimous in the belief that he was innocent, and the foreman was charged with the delivery of a verdict accordingly, but that when he stood up to reply to the formal question of the clerk of the court, the unfortunate man lost his presence of mind, and delivered a verdict of guilty, and the prisoner was consigned to gaol in the presence of the jury, who were too frightened to interfere. Surely there have been a sufficient number of facts of somewhat similar character in connection with Welsh juries, and, for the matter of that, English juries too, to form material for a volume, which could not fail to be interesting. We recommend the idea to Mr. Timbs.

A CURIOUS circumstance, and one which we recommend to the notice of medical men, is related in connection with the "Jewish Blind," a charity which, as its name indicates, has been raised for the support of the blind among the Jews. Sir Benjamin Phillips, the president of this institution, has been informed that a woman who had been stone-blind for about eight years had recently recovered the perfect use of her eyesight. It appears that, during a thunder-storm that prevailed some weeks since she became suddenly aware, as she expressed it, of "a glimmer of light," and from that time to the present her vision has improved daily; perfect eyesight is now restored to her.

THE Reform League have discovered the mechanism of the disturbance at the recent Guildhall meeting. It appears that roughs were regularly hired and plied with bread and beer for the occasion, and that they roared and shouted according to the signal of a fogleman. The League inferentially charge the Lord Mayor with sympathizing with the roughs, and say that, "had he really desired to maintain order, he might have done so by ordering the removal of three conspicuous signalmen."

ST. JAMES'S PARK would afford material for some curious day and night sketches just now. It absolutely swarms with tramps, male and female, who remain from morning until evening blinking in the hot sun and looking much more contented and happy than the people who crowd into Rotten-row. Where they procure either food or money for subsistence is a miracle, but they manage somehow. One source of income they find in the soft-hearted nursemaids, whom the rogues importune for pence with the most lying stories, and unfortunately very often with success.

THE *New York Round Table* gives an interesting account of brute fighting in certain parts of America, in which there seems to be a revival of the old English custom of bear and bull baiting. Our contemporary will read in the French papers how, simultaneous with this movement, the Emperor is accustoming his people to the pleasures of the Spanish bull-ring; and that though at present the animals tortured are deprived of the power of killing an actor in the play, it is expected that the audience will shortly demand the real excitement of disembowelled horses or men, or both.

THE attempt to cultivate cinchonas in the island of Jamaica has been attended with success. The *Standard* gives a report of this interesting scheme upon reliable authority, from which we make the following extract:—

"Under the direction of Mr. Robert Thomson, operations were at first confined to propagation, which was undertaken in a systematic way in the early part of 1866. In March of the following year progress had so far been made that there were some 800 plants fairly growing. It was then decided to cultivate the trees on a more extended scale. With this view plantations of from 100 to 200 acres were marked out in the Blue Mountain range, and propagation was again carried on in contiguous sites, ranging, as regards elevation above sea level, from 3,500 to 6,500 feet. The fact that certain plants, few in number it is true, had been growing here and there since 1861, and that one or two of these had actually attained the height of 20 feet, proved that the island in some parts was well suited to the growth of certain cinchonas. At the present time, as the result of the growth of cuttings and of seed furnished by Dr. Hooker from Ceylon, there are about 25,000 plants in vigorous growth. In May, 1867, a score of cinchona simarubra were transferred to a site of an altitude of 3,700 feet, when they were about six inches in height; at the beginning of the present year they had actually grown to that of three feet. The larger number, however, of the 25,000 were in pots, 500 only had been planted out at a height of 5,200 feet. Mr. Thomson, we understand, is fully impressed with the opinion that the cultivation of the cinchona will be 'highly remunerative.' He is not prepared to say which species is likely to be most luxuriant, but he has every reason to believe that the ultimate success

in Jamaica 'will not yield to that of India.' These facts are of great interest, not only in regard to the increasing demand for quinine, but the commercial and consequent social improvement of the island. Should the Government experiment be successful, no doubt the land-owners of the island will follow the example set them, and undertake the culture for themselves."

THE *Lancet* warns us against inordinate fruit-eating, and notes the prevalence of diarrhoea. A correspondent of our contemporary writes that a pint of boiled milk is a capital cure for diarrhoea. We are not told if the London mixture sold for milk is as efficacious as the genuine article.

THE *Star*, with considerable courage, puts in a word for Madame Rachel, and, as it seems to us, on very justifiable grounds. The beautifier has been striving to obtain bail, and on her solicitor coming before the judge he is sent to the magistrate, who, again, refers him to the superior court. Meanwhile Madame Rachel is imprisoned in Newgate. Surely, the judge and the magistrate ought to decide a question of this kind, so as to make a rule for the future if there is not one already. We are inclined to think there is.

PROFESSOR MORLEY, of University College, writes to the *Times* to say that he has discovered a poem of Milton's. He says it is in the handwriting of the author in a volume containing "Comus," "Lycidas," "L'Allegro," and "Il Penseroso." The initials, J. M., are signed to the verses. The book in which it was found was in the King's Library of the British Museum.

A DEPLORABLE accident is already reported from the Alps. A foreign family had left Chamounix for the Grand Mulets under the direction of the guide Edouard Simon. On arriving at the Pierre-à-l'Echelle, situated at the upper part of the Glacier des Bossons, the party were surprised by a fall of stones from the Aiguille du Midi. They were all in great peril, but the guide, regardless of himself, rushed forward and sought out for them a shelter under some jutting rocks, and had just placed the last person in security, when a large block struck the unfortunate man on the head and hurled him into a crevice adjoining. The others shortly after returned to the village, and the next day the body of the guide was found dreadfully crushed, and brought back to his house, accompanied by the whole population.

THE newspapers generally have been very kind and considerate in noticing the Dramatic Fête at the Crystal Palace, which might have been honestly described as an egregious failure. The attendance consisted in a great measure of those dingy people who swarm about third and fourth-rate actresses, interspersed with that disagreeable element from the Stock Exchange which affects the fine arts and a good deal of tasteless jewellery when off duty. The gentlemen of the profession who assisted in the business of the day worked manfully. The ladies at the stalls were nicely dressed and powdered for the occasion, but seemed conscious that their customers were not of an extravagant order. It is to be sincerely hoped that we have seen the last of the Dramatic Fêtes. They are no good for Maybury or anybody, and they tend to vulgarize a noble calling which requires from its followers a more than ordinary amount of reserve and discretion.

MR. GERMAN REED, following the habit of the opera-houses, brings out a novelty this year at the close of his season, which will continue for two or three weeks longer. Mr. F. C. Burnand, the popular author of "A Yachting Cruise," furnishes the novelty, which, under the title of "Inquire Within," will be performed for the first time on Monday next. Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, Mr. John Parry, and Miss Annie Sinclair will be its interpreters.

"ARGUS," of the *Morning Post*, tells the following capital story, which does not, however, require the usual introduction "in circulation at the clubs" to make it go down:—An officer of the Guards, a good steeplechase rider, went out the other day with a favourite dog with a muzzle fastened on his tail. He had not gone far before he was accosted by a policeman, who told him that as his dog was unmuzzled he should take it up and detain it. This the officer in question defied him to do, maintaining that, as his dog had a muzzle on his tail, he had complied with

Sir Richard Mayne's order, because it was not stated where the muzzle was to be placed on the dog. This so fairly baffled "the intelligent policeman" that he at once gave way, and let the Guardsman depart in peace with his faithful companion.

CONSOLS are quoted $94\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ ex-dividend for money, and $94\frac{1}{2}$ ex-dividend for the account. In foreign stocks there has been a very active demand, with a general rise in prices. This is partly owing to the introduction of the New Egyptian Loan. Colonial Government securities have also been in request, and prices continue firm. American securities have been buoyant. Very few dealings are marked in Bank shares. Financial and Miscellaneous shares are without significant variation. The corn market has been heavy, at depressed prices. The biddings for £200,000 in bills on Calcutta and Madras were held on Wednesday at the Bank of England. The amounts allotted were, to Calcutta £150,000, and to Madras £50,000. The minimum price was fixed, as before, at 1s. $10\frac{1}{2}$ d. on both Presidencies. Tenders at 1s. $11\frac{1}{2}$ d. will receive about 18 per cent.; those above will be allotted in full. These results show a slight increase in the demand for means of remittance to the East.

THE prospectus of the Egyptian Government Seven per Cent. Loan of 1868 has been issued. The loan consists of £832,300, or 20,807,500 francs of Seven per Cent. Rente, representing £11,890,000, or 297,250,000 francs of nominal capital. The contractors are the Société Générale and Messrs. Oppenheim, Alberti, & Co., at Paris; the Imperial Ottoman Bank, at London; and Messrs. H. Oppenheim, Nephew, & Co., at Alexandria. The issue price is 75 per cent., with dividend from the 15th instant. The dividends are to be payable on the 15th January and 15th July. The loan is redeemable at par in thirty years, by drawings by lot, which are to take place in May and November in each year, the first drawing being fixed for May, 1869. The payment of the coupons is to take place at Paris, London, and Alexandria, at the fixed exchange of 25 francs to the pound sterling. The new Swedish Loan of Messrs. Raphael & Sons and the Tamboff-Kosloff (Russian) Railway Loan of Messrs. Thomson, Bonar, & Co. are each quoted 3 to $\frac{1}{2}$ prem. It is stated that the applications at Copenhagen for the Swedish Loan amounted to £454,700, and that £100,000 had been allotted there; also that £150,000 has been reserved in Sweden.

At the meeting of the Union Bank of London, Mr. Northall Laurie in the chair, a dividend was declared at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum, leaving £20,760 to be carried forward. At the corresponding date of last year the dividend was the same, but there was a bonus of 5 per cent. The deposits held are £10,069,836, being £544,883 less than in 1867, and the liabilities on acceptances with security are £7,308,655—a decrease of £33,749. At the meeting of the London and Westminster Bank, Mr. Tite, M.P., in the chair, a dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, and a bonus of 9 per cent. were declared, leaving £25,404 to be carried forward. At the corresponding date of last year the bonus was 11 per cent. The deposits held are £19,915,950, being £1,943,008 less than in 1867. The report of the Alliance Bank, Limited, shows an available total of £26,117, including a previous balance of £9,700, and recommends a dividend of 7s. 6d. per share, or at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum, which will absorb £14,846, and leave, after an appropriation of £1,200 to building account, a balance of £10,071 to be carried forward. The paid-up capital is £989,725, and the amount of deposits held is £1,513,879. The report of the Consolidated Bank, Limited, shows an available total of £32,165, including a previous balance of £2,351, and recommends a dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, which will absorb £20,000, and the appropriation of £8,500 to special reserve fund, leaving £3,665 to be carried forward. The paid-up capital is £800,000, the reserve and special reserve are respectively £100,000 and £30,000, and the deposits held are £2,260,770. Subjoined is the report of the directors of the Metropolitan Bank, Limited:—The directors have pleasure in presenting to the proprietors a statement of the accounts for the half-year ending the 30th June last. After payment of all charges, including rebate, interest paid to customers, and making provision for bad and doubtful debts, the net profits realized by the bank during the past six months, including the balance of £2,392. 6s. 6d. brought forward from last account, amount to £8,324. 11s. 1d. The directors recommend that a dividend at the rate of 5 per

cent. per annum (free of Income-tax) be declared, leaving £3,324. 11s. 1d. to be carried to the credit of profit and loss new account, exclusive of rebate £645. 4s. The dividend warrants will be sent to the shareholders by post on Monday, the 20th inst. The report of the United Discount Corporation, Limited, shows an available total of £10,085, and recommends a dividend of 3s. 7d. per share, or at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, which will absorb £4,205, and the appropriation of £1,186 to preliminary expenses, and £2,000 to reserve, which will leave £2,694 to be carried forward.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"DEAD-SEA FRUIT."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—In your notice of the above work in the last number of the LONDON REVIEW, you impugn the correctness of the Scottish dialect which I have used in "Dead-Sea Fruit."

Permit me to say that I have written from actual experience obtained during a residence of many months at Aberdeen. I trust you will kindly allow this correction of your critic's error to appear.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

Warwick-house, Paternoster-row.

M. E. BRADDON.

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

THE approaching close of the season has caused a comparative void in the interest of the musical proceedings of the past week. At both opera houses the performances (now so near their termination) have consisted of repetitions of popular works that have been previously found attractive. The departure of Mdle. Pauline Lucca has left Mdle. Patti in undivided possession of public favour as the prima donna of the Royal Italian Opera. The production, at this establishment, of Auber's "Le Domino Noir" has been delayed until almost the last night of the season, being announced for Tuesday next, the following Thursday being the closing performance. Instead of Mdle. Lucca and Signor Mario in the principal characters of Angele and Horace, as first proposed, we are to have Madame Sherrington and Signor Naudin. Great interest will attach to this Italian version of Auber's charming work, the music adapted, and the incidental recitatives added, by the great composer himself, now in his 86th year.

There is nothing to record of the proceedings of Her Majesty's Opera beyond the benefit of Mr. Mapleson, the lessee, at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday, when the chief entertainments consisted of an afternoon concert and a night operatic performance. Both these took place in the theatre opposite the Handel orchestra—not the most favourable situation for musical effect, since there is no roofing fitted to concentrate the sound as in the Handel orchestra itself. Even in the latter locality, good as are the acoustical arrangements, it is chiefly by gigantic numbers of performers that any real effect is produced in so vast a space; but at the opposite point there is a dispersion and a wavering of the sound anything but satisfactory, especially to that portion of the audience sitting out of the direct central line. The concert, on the occasion referred to, consisted almost entirely of extracts from well-known operas, sung by Mddles. Titiens, Nilsson, Kellogg, Sinico; Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Signori Mongini, Bettini, Foli, and Bossi; Mr. Santley, &c. The operatic performance (which commenced at the usual London hour of half-past eight) was Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro," the cast the same as in previous representations at Her Majesty's Opera. In this the unfitness of the little theatre for operatic performances was additionally manifest; every change of attitude in stage action sent the singer's voice into some new channel, to find fresh hearers among the remote audience, while almost departing from those towards whom it was previously directed. Such stage action, too, if it have any refinement or value, can scarcely be very distinct and intelligible to more than a few of the many thousand spectators intended to be addressed. While the Handel orchestra is well adapted for large musical gatherings, and the inclosed concert-room still better suited for those excellent Saturday concerts which are given there during the autumn and winter, it must be admitted that the theatre, which well enough serves its purpose of Christmas entertainments, is not adapted for the performance of operas, whether of the heroic or the comic school.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

ARMY REFORM.*

THE name of Sir Charles Trevelyan is well known in connection with army reform. He issued a pamphlet last year on the purchase-system, and he now republishes, in the form of another pamphlet, some letters on the reorganization of the British army which he recently addressed to the *Daily News*. Sir Charles is no half-hearted reformer; he sees that the whole military system of this country requires reconstruction, and he agrees with the dictum of Lord Bacon that "it is a secret, both in Nature and in State, that it is safer to change many things than one." With respect to the system of purchase, Lord Grey and the Duke of Cambridge are of the same opinion. The former, in his examination before the Purchase Commission, said:—"My own conviction is, if you touch the system of purchase at all, it would be wiser to abolish it altogether." The Commander-in-Chief said, still more emphatically:—"I am quite prepared to say this, that any change that is propounded should be a complete one, and not a partial one. I should be sorry to see any partial change adopted. I think that any change should comprise the whole question, so that there might be security to the officers of the army, for any partial change would lead to doubt and uncertainty." The opinion here expressed, so to speak, in an alternative sense (for it does not appear that either of these high authorities is convinced that purchase *ought* to be abolished), is advocated by Sir Charles Trevelyan in an absolute sense. He sees—what most unprejudiced observers have remarked for a long while—that to make the officering of our army depend on the possession of money by those who aspire to command, is to invite a large amount of incompetence, and to exclude a large amount of ability. Of course it does not necessarily follow that because a young man's parents are able to purchase a commission for him, he is therefore a dunce; nor is poverty an infallible assurance of merit. But it is notorious that, under the existing system, many young fellows buy their entrance into the army for much the same reasons that they get elected to a club—because it is fashionable, gentlemanly, and select—and not with any serious intention of making it a profession, of studying hard to perfect themselves in the science of war, and of giving to their duties as soldiers the best energies of their lives. On the other hand, men with no money at command, who feel a natural inclination to the military calling, and who would be glad, if they had the opportunity, to devote themselves entirely to the work of officers, are excluded because fortune has denied them the golden key which unlocks so many doors in this commercial land. "An indispensable preliminary to all [army] improvement," says Sir Charles Trevelyan, "is to abolish purchase, and to increase the pay of officers of every rank sufficiently to enable them to live upon it in a suitable manner. The State might then reasonably require that no person should receive a commission who had not prepared himself to enter at once on the effective discharge of his duties."

How utterly incompetent many of our young officers are, may be seen in some of the evidence given before the Purchase Commission, and quoted by Sir Charles Trevelyan in the present pamphlet. Major-General Lord West stated that in his opinion the junior officers of the British army have "no opportunity at all" of acquiring professional knowledge during times of peace, and that "it is very difficult to make them acquire even the commonest regimental drill till they have been three or four years in the service." In confirmation of this statement, he related an anecdote which is almost ludicrous, yet which should make us blush for our military reputation before the nations of the Continent, or, rather, which should make us do something better than blush—which should excite in us the determination to put an end to a system that has been shown to be fruitful in the like results. Lord West told the Commission that, when commanding a regiment before Sebastopol, the number of duty officers became very small, owing to sickness and casualties; whereupon he urgently requested that some of a number of young officers, "who were kicking their heels at the depot," might be despatched to head-quarters. He received ten of these young officers, who, says the gallant general, "did not know their right hand from their left, and had never been drilled." His lordship, nevertheless, was obliged to send them to the trenches in command of parties of thirty or forty men. "All that I could do with those officers," he continues, "was this: I sent the adjutant on parade, and told him to show them how to march

their men off the ground. All that I could say to them was, 'If the enemy come on, hold your ground, and drive them back if you can.' In such a case, much was left to the steadiness of the non-commissioned officers and the old soldiers." On hearing this story, one of the members of the Commission remarked, interrogatively, "In point of fact, those young officers had no more knowledge of professional duties than if they had been so many civilians?" To which Lord West replied, "Not a bit more." He saw in this inefficiency—this utter ignorance of the duties assumed—the direct result of the purchase-system, which renders mere wealth a passport to the army, and prevents the proper education of cadets, because the addition of the expense of such an education to the price of the commission would make the total cost too heavy. To the like effect spoke Major-General Sir Thomas (then Colonel) Franks, and Lord Clyde. The former said he believed that "in the field our infantry is, perhaps, the finest in the world when it has gone through the ordeal of service; but, on going into the field at first, both our infantry and our cavalry, in consequence of the ignorance of our officers, appear to a very great disadvantage." He added that he spoke generally of our young officers. Lord Clyde—and there could hardly be a greater authority than he—said that "there should be a higher standard of education than is exacted at present," that he would confine the first entrances into the army to a competitive examination, and that subsequent promotions should be in accordance with proved capacity. Indeed, these propositions are so obvious that it would be absurd to quote authorities in their support, were it not that we have hitherto acted in contradiction of them, and that numerous influential persons still oppose any change. In his evidence before the same commission, Lord Clyde said that the effect on officers who have been passed over because of their inability to pay for their promotion is most dispiriting. "I have known," he remarked, "many very estimable men, having higher qualities as officers than usual—men of real promise and merit, and well educated, but who could not purchase: when such men were purchased over, their ardour cooled, and they frequently left the service; or, when they continued, it was from necessity, and not from any love of the profession." Nothing can be clearer than such testimony: it not merely rests on high individual authority, but it is in accordance with all we know of human nature. If it were not so, men on entering the army would assume a totally different set of feelings from those which animate them in all other walks of life.

Sir Charles Trevelyan points out that the hardship to the non-purchase officers has been much increased since the Crimean war by the Secretary of State having himself engaged in the traffic of commissions on a great scale by means of the Military Reserve Fund. A Select Committee of the House of Commons, of which Lord Hotham was chairman, has, however, recommended that the Fund should be wound up; and Sir Charles Trevelyan approves of this as a preliminary to the abolition of purchase altogether. But he is totally opposed to any partial abolition of the system of purchase. If, he argues—and the view appears to us unanswerable—purchase were abolished above the rank of captain, and still existed below it, the early attainment of that rank, as the means of further advance, would be the great object of officers with money, who would of course be able to thrust aside their poorer brethren. In such a matter reform should not be piecemeal, but complete at once; and the expense of compensation to those officers who have a vested interest in the existing system, owing to the sums they have paid for commissions, would not be very alarming to a rich country such as ours. On this subject, Sir Charles writes:—

"Exaggerated estimates have been made of the compensation which would have to be paid supposing the entire abolition of purchase to be determined upon. These calculations were based upon the return of seven millions sterling in the appendix to the Report of the Purchase Commission, without adverting to the fact that the whole seven millions could not be called for unless the army was entirely disbanded. The return showed the whole value of all the commissions; but, according to the regulations and custom of the service, only officers who retire from the army by sale recover the price of their commissions, while those who remain in the army and are promoted to be major-generals, or who retire on full pay, or take civil appointments connected with the army, have no such advantage.

"The Committee appointed by the Secretary of State for War in 1857, to report upon the proposals made by me to the Purchase Commission, framed their estimate on the last-mentioned principle:—

"According to a Parliamentary return (No. 2 of the Appendix to the Report on the Sale and Purchase of Commissions), the gross value of the commissions of officers then serving amounted to £7,126,030. But it is impossible to estimate exactly the number of officers who would be disposed to avail themselves of the opportunity of selling their commissions to the public in preference to continuing to serve under the proposed arrangement. We have, however, calcu-

* The British Army in 1868. By Sir Charles E. Trevelyan, K.C.B. London: Longmans & Co.

lated the probable amount in the best manner we are able, and have arrived at a total of £2,355,288, which would allow of about one-third of the whole number retiring.'

"This sum only includes the regulation prices, and adding one-third for the extra prices, the compensation amounts to £3,140,384. . . .

"Whatever the amount of the compensation may be, it ought not to be exclusively charged to the existing taxpayers. The compensation is the arrear caused by the neglect of past generations, who have thrown upon military officers the burden of providing their own retirements, and all future generations will participate in the benefits of the organic change by which this defect in the constitution of the army will be remedied. Equity, therefore, requires that, while the current expense of the revised system should be defrayed by annual grants of Parliament, the cost of making the change should, like the expense of the fortifications and of the reconstruction of the public offices, be spread over a considerable period."

The expenses of this reform might, in the opinion of Sir Charles, be diminished by a reduction of the number of our officers. The proportion of officers to men in the British army is much greater than in any of the leading Continental armies, or than it is in our own corps of Royal Artillery. In the British army, exclusive of the Artillery, the proportion is 1 officer to 28 men; in the Artillery, 1 to 35; in the French army, 1 to 33; in the Austrian, 1 to 40; in the Prussian, 1 to 49. But Sir Charles Trevelyan denies that there is any necessity for this excess over foreign armies, and he maintains that it might be reduced "when, on the one hand, the average efficiency of our officers shall be raised by increasing their pay, relieving them from the burden of purchase, and requiring from them a previous professional training, either at a military college or in the ranks, and, on the other hand, the educated and respectable classes shall be attracted into the ranks by making the opening of the higher promotion coincident with the abolition of our indefensible system of recruiting, and with such a degree of attention to the character of recruits as will prevent the admission of reprobates and deserters." With respect to this latter subject Sir Charles is quite as emphatic as he is with regard to the purchase system. He severely, but justly, remarks that, as matters now stand, we get together our men by intoxication, cajoling, and bounty, and that we keep them together by flogging and branding—at least, such has been the case hitherto. He would do away with whatever tends to degrade the men to the level of criminals and paupers; and, referring to savings which would combine pecuniary economy with increased simplicity and facility of administration, he says:—

"Of this description is the consolidation with the proposed higher rate of pay, of numerous miscellaneous allowances in money or kind, the issue of which in a separate form increases the complication, expense, and delay of military administration, without conferring any benefit on the officer; and the discontinuance of all official connection with the army agents (the authorized brokers and stakeholders of the purchase system), who are paid £41,000 a year for doing in duplicate what must under any circumstances be done in a more simple and direct manner by the public establishments. At this heavy annual charge we purchase double accounts, complication, delay, and insecurity. On the other hand, if 'a band of music is essential to the credit and appearance of a regiment,' as stated in the Queen's Regulations, the public and not the officers should pay for it; and when forage or other allowances in kind are necessary, they should not be made the subject of constantly-recurring money transactions, but they should be given free, and their average value should be deducted in fixing the new rates of pay. A more important reform would be the substitution of a net rate of soldier's pay for the 'stoppage system,' the last excuse for which has ceased with the creation of a body of supervising officers, one of whose duties it will be to verify the numbers requiring the issue of rations. The consolidation of 'beer money' with pay, both in the regular army and the militia, would efface a degrading reminiscence of a bygone state of manners.

"Lastly, if the modifications of the existing system advocated by me are adopted, bounty-money, levy-money, and bringing-money, may be discontinued, and the expense of recruiting may be limited to providing proper places in each district for the reception of recruits, and to the free kit and uniform which must, under any circumstances, be given. The expense of the 'administration of martial law' will also be greatly diminished when we get rid of the handful of confirmed tipplers and irreclaimable scamps who make a trade of deserting, and are repeatedly committing offences which lead to their trial by courts-martial, and to their passing a considerable portion of their service in prison. The loss of service during desertion and imprisonment, as well as the further loss caused by escorts, guards, and frequent courts of inquiry and courts-martial will be saved; the men will be 'effective' in a much greater proportion than at present; and the expenditure on hospitals and medical attendance will be reduced in more ways than can be properly described."

On the whole, our author feels confident that, if the reforms he suggests are carried out, the actual army grant of £15,455,400 will be more than sufficient for defraying current charges. As regards promotion from the ranks, he thinks that a fixed proportion of the commissions falling vacant in each regiment should be assigned to the non-commissioned officers, of course always providing that they shall have shown their fitness for such an advance; and he quotes from the evidence given before

the Recruiting Commission of 1859-60 to show that the Duke of Cambridge sees no objection to this arrangement. Sir Charles would reduce the terms of service, experience having shown that a soldier begins to fall off after twelve years' service, and is generally worn out after sixteen or seventeen; and he makes various suggestions for so reconstituting our militia and volunteers as to form an efficient reserve. But on these and other points we must refer the reader to Sir Charles's interesting and valuable pamphlet, which is the production of a liberal thinker, and of a man of large and varied experience.

THE MARCH TO MAGDALA.*

It is to be regretted that Mr. Henty should have published the results of his experiences in Abyssinia in so crude a form. No one can doubt, after a perusal of "The March to Magdala," that the gentleman who acted as special correspondent to the *Standard* during the late Abyssinian campaign, executed his task with considerable energy, and endeavoured to record his observations impartially and fairly. But the republication of letters which have been written from day to day is always a hazardous enterprise. Under the influences of time opinions vary, first impressions are erased, new lights are thrown upon the picture, and it is not unusual that after a lengthened correspondence some of the concluding letters almost contradict the earlier. It is doubtful whether Mr. Henty would not have done better had he rewritten his correspondence, and brought it out in the form of a continuous narrative. Perhaps the desire to present his work speedily to the public prevented his pursuing this course; but in consequence it bears the impress of manifest hurry in its frequent misprints, which tell very clearly of the bustling revision of proof-sheets.

Nevertheless, at the present moment such a book as "The March to Magdala" is of considerable interest. It describes the country through which our troops passed while engaged in the Abyssinian expedition, and gives a clear, though necessarily short, account of their final capture of the fortress. Unfortunately, the account of personal experiences becomes rather monotonous, and when presented to us in the form of letters can hardly fail to appear slightly egotistical. No doubt when Mr. Henty wrote his letters, he quoted his own adventures simply as a type of those of every officer in the expedition. It is to be regretted that he did not make this more clear, for while all our attention is called to the agonies of his own baggage animals, or the culinary triumphs of his own servants, we hear little of the bearing of the soldiery, or of the conduct of the campaign. Of course Mr. Henty's production does not profess to be a scientific military treatise. Nor do we for a moment expect it to treat of the expedition in the same manner as such a work would. But we should have liked to have gleaned from its pages some insight into the tents of the men and officers of the force, and to have found it give more copious record of their words and thoughts.

Mr. Henty may be said to have joined the Abyssinian expedition at its base of operations, Bombay. He accompanied some detachments on their voyage to Annesley Bay, not without disaster, for the ship in which he was ran aground in the Red Sea. This difficulty was, however, overcome, and on the 4th December he landed at Zoulla. At this time matters were not in a favourable condition at the landing-place. The officers who had been sent forward by Sir Robert Napier to reconnoitre the passes leading up the plateau of Abyssinia were engaged in the mountains, and there was little order or direction at Zoulla itself. The troops were beginning to arrive, but there was great scarcity of water. No water was found within fourteen miles of the coast; all that was required for the consumption of both man and beast had to be condensed or brought from the shipping. The requirements of the men were well supplied, but the unfortunate baggage-animals suffered greatly. Many of them died. Their loss, and the faulty organization of the corps, threw the land transport train into a confusion from which it did not wholly recover until the expedition was far advanced into the country. The transport train had been organized at Bombay on a system adopted by the Bombay Government, in preference to that proposed by Sir Robert Napier. The result was as might have been anticipated. The men of bureaux, as Mr. Henty happily terms them, had undertaken a task for which they were unfitted, and after its arrival in Abyssinia the transport train had to be reorganized. About the middle of December Sir Charles Staveley arrived. Matters began to be set right; but even when Sir Robert Napier him-

* The March to Magdala. By G. A. Henty, Special Correspondent of the *Standard*. London: Tinsley Brothers.

self reached Zoulla, on the 3rd January, and assumed the command, a great deal remained to be done before the expedition could set forward from the positions then actually occupied. At this time, the British advanced guard held Senafe, which lies at the top of the Koomaylee Pass, seventy miles distant from the coast, and thus commanded the issue of the defile. Working parties were being employed in the pass to make the road practicable for artillery, and troops, stores, and provisions were being accumulated at Zoulla.

On the 23rd January Sir Robert Napier found his preparations in a sufficiently forward state to be able to leave the coast and to move to Senafe. A detachment was at the same time pushed forward to occupy Attegrat, about thirty miles further inland. The whole expeditionary force did not march in one body or at one time. It was gradually advanced in small detachments, and at intervals of some days, so that the resources of the country might be made the most of, and not exhausted at once. From this time until the arrival of the head-quarters of the army at Antalo, Mr. Henty's letters only describe a monotonous and almost unvarying march, except where the reception of the King of Tigré by Sir Robert Napier gives him an opportunity for burlesquing the chieftains of Abyssinia. It must be difficult to find matter for newspaper correspondence in the daily marches of a small number of troops, unimpeded by an enemy, but surely Mr. Henty might have given us a slight clue to the manner in which Sir Robert Napier fed his army in a country confessedly inhospitable and partially desert. Such details could not be dry or uninteresting in the lightest history of a campaign which was fought not nearly so much against man as against nature. Senafe was the first great station and halting-place of the expedition, and Antalo the second. The latter is about two hundred miles from the coast. Here great changes were made in the constitution of the force. Every effort was made to reduce weight and consequently transport. Camp followers were cut down to a minimum. Kits were lessened and rations diminished. The officers and soldiers submitted without a murmur to being deprived of their luxuries, for they recognised the necessity of the situation. After a halt of some days, the head-quarters left Antalo on the 12th March, and on the 21st reached Lat, after passing by the hitherto almost fabulous Lake Ashangi. At Lat the baggage and kits were again reduced. In fact, what Sir Robert Napier now instituted might almost be termed a *reductio ad absurdum*. Only one tent was allowed to every twenty men or twelve officers. No clothes were carried except a great-coat and blanket. Beyond Lat the men, scantily fed, and without changes of garments suffered considerably from the heavy rain, which now fell almost every afternoon. The country was almost more mountainous and broken than it ever had been before, and the animals and troops suffered much from long and harassing marches. On the afternoon of the 8th April Sir Robert Napier had concentrated about six thousand men on the plain of Dalanta. The troops could now see Magdala rising high in the south, above the subsidiary heights of Salamgi and Fahla. The steep ravine of the Bachelo lay between the British army and the bases of the Magdala hills. An action totally unexpected by the British took place. A ravine runs from the valley of the Bachelo directly to Salamgi. Along this lay the road originally constructed by Theodore for the conveyance of his artillery into Magdala. It was arranged that the artillery and baggage were to move along this road preceded by some sappers and miners, while the infantry should crown the hills on their right. A report was sent in from the advanced guard that the sappers and miners had occupied the head of the valley by which the artillery was to move. The latter was, therefore, immediately ordered to advance, followed by the baggage. The report turned out to be a delusive one, for the sappers and miners had also crowned the hills to the right, and left the head of the valley open to attack. Sir Charles Staveley covered this weak point as quickly as he could with the Punjaub Pioneers. But the garrison of Magdala had perceived the chance, and suddenly a large force poured out of the fortress and rushed down the hill to the attack of Sir Robert Napier's baggage. The naval rocket train was still filing out of the valley, but was quickly brought up to the hills on the right and opened fire upon the enemy when they had advanced to within five hundred yards. In another minute the British infantry which was pushed forward to meet the attack opened on their assailants with Snider rifles. The troops of Theodore were quite taken by surprise, and after discharging their firearms, began to retreat. The 4th King's Own regiment pursued them to within a few hundred yards of the foot of the Magdala hills. The part of the Abyssinian force which rushed into the valley to attack the baggage were met by the Punjaub Pioneers and by Penn's

battery of steel mountain guns, and were completely driven back with much slaughter.

This skirmish, which lasted only an hour and a half, completely demoralized the Abyssinian army. The following morning Theodore sent Mr. Flad and Lieutenant Prideaux into camp with proposals. Sir Robert Napier refused to grant any conditions, except that, on condition of an instant surrender, Theodore and his family should be honourably treated. Theodore again sent Mr. Flad and Lieutenant Prideaux to ask for better terms, but Sir Robert Napier, with a moral courage for which no terms of admiration sufficiently high can be found, again sent them back, with a refusal to grant any conditions except those already tendered. Considerable anxiety was felt in the English camp lest Theodore, enraged by Sir Robert Napier's refusal to treat, should massacre the whole of the captives. He acted, however, quite differently, for the same evening he sent them all in. Sir Robert Napier informed him that if Magdala was not surrendered on the following day by midday, he would assault. On the 13th April, the native chiefs holding Fahla and Salamgi surrendered those positions. They were at once occupied by the British troops. From the top of these hills the British artillery opened upon Magdala. After a bombardment of about two hours' duration, the 33rd Regiment advanced to the assault. By some strange oversight, the engineers at the head of the storming column had forgotten the powder-bags with which to blow open the gate. The men of the 33rd, however, after a short delay, found a way through the wall into the fortress, and the place was quickly carried. The defenders of the gate were all killed, and the body of Theodore himself was found a short distance within the fortress. It was afterwards ascertained that he had died by his own hand.

With the fall of Magdala, the release of the captives, and the death of Theodore, the objects of the Abyssinian expedition were obtained, and Mr. Henty very shortly afterwards closed his correspondence. He returned alone to the coast in advance of the army. This is to be regretted, as he gives no account of the return march of the army, which, from its rapidity, is as admirable as that made during the advance. It was on the 3rd of January that Sir Robert Napier arrived in Annesley Bay; by the beginning of June the force was re-embarked. In the mean time it had not only marched, but had constructed roads over a distance of four hundred miles, and had marched back the same distance. The appearance of Mr. Henty's book is synchronous with the arrival of Sir Robert Napier in England, and although it is not all that could be desired, still we feel certain that in the mean time those who wish to glimpse at the conduct of the Abyssinian expedition will find pleasant reading in "The March to Magdala."

SAINT PATRICK.*

WHATEVER relates to the Irish Church is at present likely to attract English readers to a subject which, at another time, would hardly have any interest to them. A claim has been made in favour of the Irish Establishment on the ground that it represents the doctrinal teaching of St. Patrick, and this has given the saint an importance which, in this country at least, he had not previously possessed. He was associated in the English mind mainly with the wearing of the shamrock by patriotic Irishmen on the 17th of March, the consumption of a good deal of whisky on the same day, and an increase in the number of drunk and incapable, or too capable, cases at the police-courts next morning. Since Dr. Manning has ruled the Pope's flock in Westminster, this mode of honouring their saint by the Irish in London seems to have gone out. The Saint's name, which generally suggests to the English mind the picture of a drunken Irishman flourishing his sprig of shillelagh, is to the Irish mind a living influence to this day, though, according to Mr. Nicholson, sixteen centuries have passed since the Saint listened in a dream to the cry which came to him from Ireland. "Rogamus te, sancte puer, ut venias et adhuc ambulas inter nos." The "Truce of St. Patrick," by which all the Irishmen whom Dr. Manning can influence, bind themselves yearly not to enter a public-house on the day before the Saint's day, or on the day itself—it is possible that we do not correctly state the terms of this judicious utilization of the Saint's name—has been productive of such good results that the objectionable cases no longer appear at the police-courts. Perhaps it was Dr. Manning's success that made his brother-in-law, the Bishop of Oxford,

* Saint Patrick, Apostle of Ireland in the Third Century. By R. Steele Nicholson, M.A., F.C.D. London: J. R. Smith.

maintain, in the late debate on the Suspensory Bill, that we ought to keep up the Irish Church because St. Patrick was the counterpart of a High Churchman of the present day, teaching High Church doctrines, and also the son and grandson of married clergymen. Mr. Nicholson does not bear out the last of these propositions. But the Bishop's distinct recognition of St. Patrick as the Apostle of Ireland, will raise in many an English mind a desire to know something about this Irish saint whom they have hitherto regarded as the presiding patron of Donnybrook revels. To those who have this desire, we may recommend Mr. Nicholson's tractate. It is closely and clearly reasoned, so that any moderately intellectual and attentive mind can easily follow its argument. And, it is evidently the work of a scholar who has made the period of which he writes his study.

Mr. Nicholson rejects as inadmissible evidence the four lives of the saint which are all that remain to us of the numerous lives supposed to have been destroyed by the Norwegians and Danes during their incursions into Ireland, and of which "the learned historian, Gibbon, says, that 'the sixty-six lives of St. Patrick, which were extant in the ninth century, must have contained as many thousand lies.'" How the learned historian was able to define so precisely the number of lies contained in writings which had perished centuries before he was born, Mr. Nicholson does not offer to explain. But it is easy to understand that the very piety of the ages which immediately followed the apostleship of St. Patrick would be apt to give birth to many fabulous statements with regard to the Saint, according to the principle of exaggeration epitomized in the story of the "Three Black Crows." The four lives that escaped the ravages of the Northmen Mr. Nicholson holds to be, like those whence they derive their origin, "so full of fable and fiction, that in the estimation of most writers of acknowledged learning and judgment—both Protestant and Roman Catholic—no reliance whatever can be placed on them as historical documents, further than this, that many of the incidents recorded in them as having happened in the life of the Saint may be, and probably are, in the main true, and founded on facts which really occurred in the course of his life and missionary labours." Mr. Nicholson rejects, as equally unsatisfactory, the statements concerning the Saint made by annalists and writers of acknowledged authority. "They are," he says, "so contradictory and so inconsistent with each other, some of them so clearly false, and all of them taken together forming a story so incredible, and irreconcilable in its facts as a chronologically accurate narrative—all, if combined, spreading the duration of his life over the incredible space of 132 years, that some very learned men have been led not only to question, but even to deny altogether, the existence of such a person as St. Patrick, and to treat him as a purely fabulous personage. This is not without good reason," Mr. Nicholson continues, "as there is scarcely a single fact related of him that is not wholly irreconcilable with some other facts recorded of him by the same parties, whilst there are in their statements most glaring inconsistencies, and so many obviously flagrant discrepancies, that it is by no means surprising that the very learned and acute Dr. Ledwich and others have been led to deny his existence altogether." Mr. Nicholson goes further than this, and admits that Ledwich came to a perfectly sound and just conclusion when he refused to give credit to the story of St. Patrick's life and mission in the fifth century, and that he only erred in so far as he denied his existence altogether. Mr. Nicholson thinks that Ledwich's difficulties are to be solved by transposing St. Patrick's mission from the fifth to the third century.

But, if the extant lives and the statements of the annalists and others are not to be admitted as dependable testimony, what reliable evidence have we for the discussion of St. Patrick at all? Mr. Nicholson thinks that we possess such evidence in the Saint's "Epistle to Coroticus," and his "Epistle to the Irish," commonly called his "Confession." Both these documents are now by common consent received and acknowledged to be the undoubted productions of the Saint—testimonies upon which we can rely with confidence, and by which alone we can test the various histories of the Saint. It is well that there exist two such documents, and it must be conceded to Mr. Nicholson that whatever in the lives, of Saint Patrick is repugnant to them should be rejected. His other position, that for other facts contained in the lives, which are "beyond and beside" the facts recorded in the two Epistles, we must decide according to the probability of the case, is perhaps the nearest approach to a satisfactory test we could have. But it falls so far short of a fully satisfactory test that when we have exhausted the evidence of the Epistles we must yet allow ourselves to be possibly in

doubt as to the acts and teaching of St. Patrick. It is, however, a point of no mean importance to have removed the Saint from the region of myths. If we can regard the "Epistle to Coroticus" and the "Confession" as genuine, and if Mr. Nicholson is right—and his argument is much more than plausible—in assigning them to the third century, they are invaluable as historical documents, apart from their special bearing in the history of the Irish Church. It is clear from the "Confession" that the Bishop of Oxford is wrong in claiming St. Patrick as a High Churchman, and we think Mr. Nicholson rightly rejects the word "Diaconum" as applied to the Saint's father, as a transcriber's error for "Decorionem." In the Confession St. Patrick, speaking of himself, writes: "Ego Patricius peccator, rusticissimus et minimus omnium fidelium, et contemptibilissimus ad plurimos, patrem habui Calpornium Diaconum, filium quondam Potiti Presbyteri, qui fuit in vico Banavan Tabernice." From this it would appear that the Saint was the son of a deacon and the grandson of a priest. But in the "Epistle to Coroticus" there is a passage which entirely conflicts with this statement, unless we are to admit Mr. Nicholson's theory of a transcript error. In the latter document he says, "Ingenuus fui secundum carnem. Vendidi enim nobilitatem meam. Non erubesco, neque me poenitet pro utilitate aliorum. Denique servus sum in Christo Jesu Domino nostro, etsi mei me non cognoscunt." It is clear from this passage that whereas he was born "ingenuus," he forfeited his rank by becoming a Christian, and not his rank only, but the countenance of his relatives. This could not have been, if his father and grandfather had been Christians. But if we call his father Decurio instead of Diaconus, we have a proof of his nobility of birth, since the office of Decurio was one which could be held only by a person of patrician rank. "This office," says Mr. Nicholson, "like most others among the Romans, could only be held by a person of patrician rank, or of noble, as distinguished from plebeian, birth. When, therefore, St. Patrick asserts his noble birth, and adduces the fact of his father having been a decurio as proof of it, his statement proves to demonstration that his father must have been a decurio. He lays his claim to noble birth as a consequence of his father having been a decurio—a consequence which would by no means have followed if he had held the office of a deacon or Christian minister. This, in the days of St. Patrick, and in a Roman colony, instead of conferring honour or nobility, would have wrought, on the contrary, as he informs us it did, in his own case, a total deprivation of it. If St. Patrick forfeited his title to nobility by becoming a Christian bishop, he certainly could not have inherited it from a Christian deacon." This is one of the reasons which induces Mr. Nicholson to place St. Patrick in the third instead of the fifth century, because the loss of caste had ceased to be the penalty of conversion in the latter period. The argument is not without weight. We should be glad to follow our author further in his interesting inquiry, but we must stop here. As a thorough, dispassionate, and critical essay on a subject which has not in England been sufficiently considered, we are bound to say that Mr. Nicholson's tractate is worthy of all praise.

A SPORTSMAN'S SEARCH FOR LIVINGSTONE.*

THE author of this book presents himself with double claims upon our attention, as a daring sportsman and as one who has been engaged in a search to the results of which the people of this country looked forward with a degree of anxiety that has seldom before manifested itself when the fate of only a single individual was concerned. Mr. Faulkner was one of those who refused their belief to the story of the murder of Dr. Livingstone, and the reasons which guided him to this conclusion, in addition to their intrinsic force, are valuable from the fact that the author brought to the investigation of the story the experiences of a sportsman, and an acquaintance with the African character. The tale of Dr. Livingstone's murder, it will be remembered, rested only upon the direct evidence of one Johanna man, Moosa, although it was confirmed by the statements of his companions who returned with him, and who said that they saw the great traveller lying dead, and had buried him. Moosa's account the world has had over and over again. It was to the effect that a body of the Mavites attacked Dr. Livingstone, who, with his boys, waited for them with levelled muskets until they were within ten yards, when Dr. Livingstone fired, and the foremost man dropped dead, that the boys then fired, and as soon as the smoke cleared away, Moosa,

* Elephant Haunts: being a Sportsman's Narrative of the Search for Doctor Livingstone, with Scenes of Elephant, Buffalo, and Hippopotamus Hunting. By Henry Faulkner, late 17th Lancers. London: Hurst & Blackett.

concealed behind a tree, saw three men facing Dr. Livingstone, who, whilst in the act of reloading his gun was cut down by a blow from a battle-axe. Mr. Faulkner points out the improbabilities in this story; the unlikelihood of Dr. Livingstone going on reloading whilst a savage stood with his battle-axe raised ready to brain him; the improbability of Moosa himself escaping from a hiding-place within two yards from the spot where the murder took place, and the return of the Johanna men unaccompanied by any of the other followers of Dr. Livingstone, and without bearing back a single article that had belonged to their leader. Entertaining the conviction that the account of Moosa and his friends was a fabrication, Mr. Faulkner offered his services to lead the search expedition which Sir Roderick Murchison was organizing; but Mr. Young's appointment had already been made. A keen sportsman was not likely to let slip such an opportunity of lending his aid in a great undertaking, and one which gave such splendid promise of sport. He applied to be permitted to accompany the expedition as an ordinary working member, had his request acceded to, went on board the *Celt* at Plymouth, and in due time found himself at Cape Town. Here Mr. Faulkner has the gratification of finding the expedition looked upon as nonsense by many of the steady inhabitants of the place; but, undeterred by this humane expression of general opinion, Messrs. Young, Faulkner, and their companions embark on board H.M.S. *Petrel*, and after a rapid sail of ten days find themselves at the mouth of the river Kongoni. At this place the iron boat *Search* was put together, and at first leaked dreadfully, but was soon made water-tight. A number of natives having offered their services as far as Shupanga, a distance of seventy miles up, they were engaged; and each having secured his luggage, consisting of a mat and some tobacco, they entered upon their duties. Here the search may be said to have begun in earnest. The party sailed up a canal leading from the Kongoni to the Zambesi, and on the 2nd of August arrived at Shupanga, where Mrs. Livingstone is buried. After about a fortnight's further sailing Mr. Faulkner has his first action with the elephants, and a very gratifying one—at least to the sportsman—it turned out to be. As the *Search* proceeded up the river, the author discovered several elephants bathing in one of the shallows, and at once prepared for action. A man whom Mr. Young had placed at the masthead to look out for game, spoilt sport by shouting out like a maniac as soon as he saw the animals, and, as a necessary consequence, sent them off thoroughly frightened. In about half an hour, however, Mr. Faulkner saw another elephant close to the water's edge, and both he and Mr. Young started in pursuit.

"Mr. Young had with him his large Enfield breech-loading wall piece, the projectile of which was iron coated with lead, and the charge of powder twelve drachms. This was carried behind him by a native, another bearing a tripod in which the gun had to be placed before firing. On landing we found the reeds and grasses about twelve feet high, extending along the bank, and some distance in from it. As we were cautiously going along we suddenly came on a fine bull standing alone within about seven yards of us. Mr. Young ordered up his tripod. This caused a considerable bustle, and the bull, suspicious of danger, began to move his ears. Then the gun turned out to be empty, and in loading it the noise made by shutting up the breech-piece again attracted the elephant's notice, and in another instant he was off. I was disgusted, and, not seeing any chance of getting a shot while with the party, I moved away to the left, taking with me one man carrying a spare gun. I soon heard elephants moving ahead, but feared that the frightened bull had conveyed the alarm to the remainder of the herd. I hurried on, and reaching an open space of about two acres, where the grass was only about four feet high, I stopped to listen, and then discovered that the elephants were in the long reeds between me and the river. While passing on to head them I heard a cap snap—the big gun had missed fire! Two elephants came out directly opposite me into the open space, and I lay down. They stood and surveyed the country round, sniffing the air with uplifted trunks in every direction."

Notwithstanding this sad occurrence, the elephants did not, after all, make off. They came within eighteen yards of Mr. Faulkner and then stopped, and again advanced, until they were within about seven yards, and that, we presume, being quite near enough to be pleasant, Mr. Faulkner prepared to interrupt their further progress. The native attendant very naturally bolted, and the elephants endeavoured to do likewise.

"The moment they were alarmed they veered off to the left, but instantly taking the largest in the temple as he passed me within five yards, I fired the right barrel of 'the gumtickler' (smooth bore No. 9, by Rigby, charge nine drachms, Curtis & Harvey), and the elephant rolled over on his left side, that on which he was hit; the other instantly charging about seventy yards in the wrong direction. I at once reloaded and approached the fallen animal, which proved to be quite dead. On getting up on him to look round for the one that had made off, I fancied that he had pulled up in some long grass about a hundred yards off, and with uplifted trunk was looking back for his prostrate companion. My second gun was nowhere to be seen, but I

at once commenced stalking the second elephant, and had got within from twenty to twenty-five yards of him unperceived, when 'bang' went Mr. Young's big gun, and away went the elephant straight from me with a shrill trumpet. The grass here was so long that I could not see more than a few yards round, but there could be no doubt as to the direction I ought to take, for the band of natives whom I had left in company with Mr. Young were yelling and roaring like demons. At first I feared an accident had happened, but the words, 'Waffa! waffa!' (dead! dead!) which they repeated with admiration, soon striking my ear amidst the din of voices, relieved my fears. On arriving at the spot, I found them rejoicing over the elephant I had killed, Mr. Young having discharged the wall-piece into its abdomen. Examination showed a good shot in the temple."

We are not surprised after these failures of Mr. Young's artillery, that he was not quite so devoted to sporting during the rest of the voyage. They proceed, however, with all the haste they can, Mr. Young steadily pressing forward, and the author losing no opportunity of bagging waterbucks, elephants, buffaloes, and alligators, if the word bagging can be possibly applied to the wholesale slaughter of monsters, of which the hunter cares only to possess himself of the tusks or tails. As soon as the *Search* enters Lake Nyanza the expedition find themselves in the footsteps of Dr. Livingstone. Two tribes of Machingas evince a disposition to make themselves eminently disagreeable. They order the boat to stop, and, on their demand being disregarded, send off about fifty canoes to enforce it. On reaching the *Search*, they inquire "What business is this; why do you want to go by without wishing us good morning if you are not our enemies? Why did you not ask us if we had anything to sell or if we wanted anything from you?" These energetic traders, upon being promised a visit on the return of the expedition, tell them that they may go on. A little further along the coast, Mr. Young and his party observe a few fishermen mending their nets, who manifest an independence somewhat resembling that of the Machingas, and utterly unlike what is generally looked upon as the general character of the African. These fellows showed about as much indifference for the strangers as one would expect to find in a Deal boatman whilst undergoing the scrutiny of a Cockney lounge. They went on arranging their nets as if they did not see the party land within a hundred yards of them. One of these men spoke of an Englishman as having arrived at that place from Mataka, and proceeded in a north-easterly direction towards a village called Pemanyinee, and on being shown a photograph of Livingstone at once said he was the person. Others from the village were sent for who confirmed the fisherman's account, and added particulars that went far to support it; one speaking of Dr. Livingstone's two boys, Waikatani and Juma, as Waiko and Juma; whilst another named and described Moosa. On reaching Pemanyinee they met with a kind of mongrel Arab, and through him discovered a lad who confirms the statement of Livingstone having been there, and picks out his photograph from the midst of a number of others. On the arrival of the chief the same story is repeated, a spoon which Livingstone had given him produced, and the room where he had slept pointed out. In this neighbourhood numerous traces of Livingstone's visit were to be met with. One man produces an empty cartridge box, which had been given him by the white man; another a spoon, and a third a knife "warranted to strike fire." In fact, the most ample proofs are given that the traveller had passed safely onward. From the chief, Marenga himself, was obtained a direct contradiction to the statement of Moosa. This gentleman is a rather remarkable specimen of an African potentate.

"Under one of these trees, reclining on a mat, and using one of his wives as a pillow, while thirty-nine more sat closely packed around him, lay Marenga, very drunk. He gave us a hearty welcome, shaking us long and violently by the hands. He is a man about six feet in height, and stout, with a debauched and bloated appearance, and covered with sourvy. Having arranged a mat for us, and seeing that we were comfortable, Marenga's first question was, 'Where is your brother that was here last year?' He was told that we had come to look for him, and should be obliged if he would tell us all he knew about him. He said he would, but he must have some pombé first, as he had much to tell. Having changed the wife against whom he was leaning for another, apparently a stronger one, a large pot of pombé was brought to him, and held by one of his wives, who sat by his side while he drank the beer through a bamboo about one foot and a half long. Invariably, whenever he took a pull, which was generally a long one, one or other of his forty wives tickled his chest and stomach, ceasing the operation only when he took the bamboo from his mouth."

His account was that Livingstone stayed one day in his village, and that on the next Moosa and five men came back saying that the Englishman had brought them from their country at "the sea to carry his things, but as he was now taking them into a new country, where the Mavite would kill them all," they had decided amongst themselves to desert him. After gathering more information the *Search* returns to the

coast, Mr. Faulkner having lots of adventures and sport on the way, and doing part of the journey by land. On the 2nd of December the cry of "ship ahoy" is given, and on the 4th Mr. Young, Mr. Faulkner, and their companions, are taken on board the *Rangoon* and return to England. It is impossible to read the book of a true sportsman without being entertained, although we have occasion not unfrequently to object to the disregard for method which these heroes display in the arrangement of their incidents. Mr. Faulkner's work avoids these sins. It is ably and clearly written. The facts and incidents are carefully arranged, and associated as every point in the narrative is with one of the greatest travellers of modern times, the book will, we are sure, occupy a position before the public which its own merits, although they are sufficient to justify the author in looking forward to a large circle of readers, would never alone have attained.

MISS RAVENEL'S CONVERSION.*

THERE is a pleasant frankness—sometimes developing into pure "cheek"—in this book which lends to it a certain piquancy and freshness. As a work of art it has few claims; but the story is not uninteresting, and many of the sketches of the American war are very vivid and striking. It is, withal, very "Yankee." The "tall talk" is amusing on account of its very audacity. There is a sort of unconscious heroism in a writer who makes his ideal woman—the heroine of his book—say that a certain thing is "right nice," and tell her father, whenever he displeases her, that he is "addled." For instances of Yankeeisms the reader has not far to seek. A man thus describes the bombardment of Fort Jackson:—"I was in the rebel service, sir; an unwilling victim, dragged as an innocent sheep to the slaughter, and took a part, much against my inclinations, in the defence of Fort Jackson. It seemed to me, sir, that the day of judgment had come, and the angel was blowing particular hell out of his trumpet." Miss Ravenel is the daughter of a New Orleans gentleman, who, finding himself in some danger through his pro-Northern sentiments, seeks refuge, at the breaking out of the war, in one of the Northern States. Unlike himself, his daughter is a violent secessionist; her prejudice being so far like a mania as to transform the gentlest of creatures into a termagant. The author has, of course, a great liking for his heroine; but loyalty to his country forbids his glossing over the unladylike speeches and acts of which she was guilty while yet unconverted. On one occasion we are told of the effect which the news of the Bull Run defeat had upon her. "Miss Ravenel, the desperate rebel, jumped to her feet with a nervous shriek of joy, and then, catching her father's reproving eye, rushed upstairs and danced it out in her own room." This is certainly strange enough conduct; but Mr. de Forest renders it more inexplicable by not telling us what the "it" was which she danced out. Was it her father's eye which she had just caught? At another time a letter is being read to her in which the writer exclaims, "How glorious will be that time, now near at hand, when our re-united country will be free of the shame and curse of slavery!" "Miss Ravenel spit in her angry pussy-cat fashion when her father read to her this passage of the letter." But this was in her unconverted days. The story proceeds to show how two men fall in love with her, and how she married the least worthy of them—a colonel in the Federal army, who is of a reckless, dram-drinking, impulsive, and good-natured disposition. The other lover is a captain in this colonel's regiment—a model of modesty, endurance, and self-denial. Dr. Ravenel and his daughter venture back to New Orleans, and the colonel and captain are with the body of men who made history in Louisiana. The operations of the Federal forces in the Southern State are most admirably described, and the first attack on Port Hudson is detailed with such minuteness and graphic power as to render the reader almost certain of Mr. de Forest having himself seen the progress and result of that unfortunate effort. The colonel gets killed in an engagement shortly after his wife has learnt of his *liaison* with another woman, and she and her father again go north. By this time she has become quite converted to Federal principles, and the end of the story is that she marries the poor captain who is as proud of his fate as George Dobbins was of Amelia's hand. The tale, it will be perceived, is slight, and is rendered quite subservient to the chronicling of the Louisianian campaign. Some of the reflections of the author upon the war are in themselves very interesting, as the following passage will testify:—

"Such was the defence of Fort Winthrop, one of the most gallant feats of the war. Those days are gone by, and there will be no more

like them for ever, at least, not in our for ever. Not very long ago, not more than two hours before this ink dried upon the paper, the author of the present history was sitting on the edge of a basaltic cliff which overlooked a wide expanse of fertile earth, flourishing villages, the spires of a city, and, beyond, a shining sea flecked with the full-blown sails of peace and prosperity. From the face of another basaltic cliff two miles distant, he saw a white globule of smoke dart a little way upward, and a minute afterwards heard a dull, deep 'pum!' of exploding gunpowder. Quarrymen there were blasting out rocks from which to build hives of industry and happy family homes. But the sound reminded him of the roar of artillery; of the thunder of those signal guns which used to presage battle; of the alarms which only a few months previous were a command to him to mount and ride into the combat. Then he thought, almost with a feeling of sadness, so strange is the human heart, that he had probably heard those clamours, uttered in mortal earnest, for the last time. Never again, perhaps, even should he live to the age of threescore and ten, would the shriek of grapeshot, and the crash of shell, and the multitudinous whiz of musketry be a part of his life. Nevermore would he hearken to that charging yell which once had stirred his blood more fiercely than the sound of trumpets: the Southern battle-yell, full of howls and yelpings as of brute beasts rushing hilariously to the fray; the long-sustained Northern yell, all human, but none the less relentless and stern; nevermore the one or the other. No more charges of cavalry, rushing through the dust of the distance; no more answering smoke of musketry, veiling unshaken lines and squares; no more columns of smoke, piling high above deafening batteries. No more groans of wounded, nor shouts of victors over positions carried and banners captured, nor reports of triumphs which saved a nation from disappearing off the face of the earth. After thinking of these things for an hour together, almost sadly, as I have said, he walked back to his home, and read with interest a paper which prattled of town elections, and advertised corner lots for sale, and decided to make a kid-gloved call in the evening, and to go to church on the morrow."

To those interested in that long struggle across the Atlantic (and who are not?) we can heartily commend this book—not so much as a novel as a series of war-sketches.

THE VILLAGE ON THE FORTH.*

IT is surely time that some effort were made to check the flood of nonsense which, in the form of bad verses, is poured out from week to week by London publishers. We cannot stop the making of verses; there is a certain softness of the brain which naturally and inevitably finds an outlet that way. It is the publishing of them which we regard as a moral crime. The gentlemen who periodically sing hallelujahs over the inestimable blessings of a free press seem to know nothing of the sufferings of reviewers. Fortunately, the public seldom comes in contact with the maudlin stuff of which we speak; and if the public were only a little more grateful to the literary policemen who soil their fingers and irritate their tempers by warning the producers of it off the highway, we should not be forced to complain. We look upon the publishers, however, as the *padrones* who send out these whining little singers to disturb our peace and ruffle our nerves. Instead of ill-treating those sorry musicians, we should prefer to see the formation of a literary committee which should have the power of placing in the pillory any publisher found guilty of printing, binding, and issuing any more than usually stupid book of verse. Generally speaking, we let the feeble singers go by. They are harmless creatures. They waste much room in the shelves of the British Museum; but they have that claim upon the compassionate forbearance of beholders which belongs by right to persons of weak intellect. Sometimes, however, one of them becomes very offensive indeed; and it almost becomes a duty to hold him up as a warning to others less rabid than himself.

"The Village on the Forth," for example, is one of those books which the gentlest of critics cannot allow to pass by without a protest. How did it ever come to be published? Were not the compositors ashamed to set up such nonsense? Mr. Latimer begins by beseeching us to—

"Listen to the tale of Alice Grey,
Though 'tis sad, and to listen be to gloam."

What is to "gloom"? Alice Grey, we are told in a series of lines scarcely any two of which have the same number of syllables, had a lover who was drowned in the Forth—

"Careless of Alice, he hears her not rave,
Who knows but the shark is his guest,
As he sleeps in the Forth?"

Who knows, indeed? After reading a few of Mr. Latimer's verses, one gets into such a state of bewilderment that it is quite easy to believe that a shark may be the guest of a man, and that a drowned lover may hear his sweetheart *not* rave.

* Miss Ravenel's Conversion from Secession to Loyalty. By J. W. de Forest. New York: Harper Brothers.

* The Village on the Forth, and Other Poems. By Philip Latimer. London (for the author): John Camden Hotten.

Indeed, Mr. Latimer's heroine is so important a person that nature pauses in her operations to pay her a compliment—

"The waves stood still to pity her despair
The wild wind ceased his moan,
The tide turned back with a most loving care,
To leave her grief alone.
Long, long she lay there in her senseless woe,
The broken boat her bed;
And when they found her late, she did not know
If she were live or dead."

She discovers in time, however, and then dies—performing the greatest act of heroism in her life in bringing this poem to a speedy close. Mr. Latimer publishes in the present volume a number of pieces "written expressly for 'Cassell's Choral Music.'" We should not be surprised, therefore, to learn that Mr. Latimer is considered to be a very fine poet by a large number of people; for the faculty of being able to disassociate words from the music written to them and accurately judge those verses, is a rare one. Not having had the pleasure, however, of hearing Mr. Latimer's songs sung, it is clear to us that there is neither much melody nor much meaning in his compositions. One of the songs written for the "Choral Music" ends in the following highly intelligible manner:—

"Others may change, but I remain the same:
The seasons come and go, while age begins to blame;
But nought can make me change: it is too late;
I cannot alter now my too hard fate."

Is this the fate spoken of in another poem?—

"It is easy to slumber for some—
It is easy to wait,
To wait, and accept what may come—
But 'tis animal fate."

Certainly it was never contemplated by Providence that any animal should be fated to read such nonsense as is written in Mr. Latimer's book; and it is a fate against which the meekest of mortals will be constrained to protest.

THE BOOK OF THE KNIGHT OF THE TOWER, LANDRY.*

If a nineteenth-century gentleman with a family of grown-up daughters were to read them lessons in life, illustrated by cases extracted from the records of the different Divorce Courts, the world would be inclined to think he was acting more or less imprudently. We must only judge from the candid nature of the examples given to his daughters by the Knight of the Tower, that the virtue of these young ladies was proof even against the eccentric piety of their father, or that the manners and customs of the time permitted a freedom of language and allusion which we have neglected to follow. The Miss Landrys must have been girls of advanced opinions on most subjects, by the season that their good parent considered the educational course finished, and, indeed, it may be said that he left them little if anything to learn afterwards. Mr. Vance is a chaste and cautious editor, and has reduced the book to half its proper dimensions, on the grounds of the impropriety of certain chapters. Yet we are not inclined to believe that the work will be adopted as a general handbook for unmarried ladies. An old critic of the work alluded to it as far back as 1534, as an error by which "men and women have become better acquainted with the vices, the wickedness, the subtleties, the snares, the deceits of this world than ever otherwise they could have been." And all this by way of precaution.

The good Knight is seated in his garden "in the beginning of April in the year of our Lord thirteen hundred and seventy-one," when the notion of writing this book occurred to him. He recollected his youth, when he, with other mad sparks, went "caracoling about the world in Poitou and different parts." He remembered how they used to cozen the dames of their hearts, and he is induced to warn his own fair daughters against the snares of young men. His first chapter informs them of his kindly motive, and how much and how deeply his heart is in it. The second, Mr. Vance tells us, refers simply to matins and vespers. In the third we have a story of two knights who loved two sisters, and had their love returned. One of the sisters was pious, and the other, who slept with her, used to push her roughly in bed, and ask her to be quiet when she prayed. A circumstance occurred in which the virtuous lady was rewarded by the opportune apparition of "a thousand dead men in their shrouds," while the irreligious damsel was

drowned in a well by her angry father, and her Knight flayed alive. By which the advantages of saying prayers in bed are clearly shown. Mr. Vance omits the fourth chapter with a note that the moral inculcated is the same as that in the last. The Knight, by means of divers stories and apologues, puts forward the benefits accruing from temperance and purity, never failing to indicate a lively acquaintance with the circumstantial nature of each frailty. His daughters, in fact, would have a case in point for every occasion. Mr. Vance, as we said before, is as careful as if he were preparing the book for a young ladies' seminary. The Knight, in one place, descants upon the graces of deportment. "Do not be as the tortoise or the crane; for women who roll their heads from side to side, or twist them like a weasel on their shoulders, for all the world resemble those animals." "Those will ever be esteemed but light," he says, "who go wriggling and coiling themselves about." When the King of England went choosing a wife, he pitched upon Denmark for the purpose, and made his selection entirely upon the grounds of carriage and grave demeanour. The Knight himself went a-wooing, and this is what befel the lady who made herself ever agreeable to him:—

"Again, my lovely girls, when on this head, I will tell you what occurred to myself. Once on a time, it happened that they wanted to marry me to a very beautiful and noble young lady, whose father and mother were both in life. And so my lord, my father, must have me to see her; and all sorts of good cheer and entertainment we met with. And so I took a good look at her of whom they spoke to me; and presently, falling into conversation, I started her on all sorts of subjects, the better to be able to judge of her. And anon we fell upon the chapter of prisoners. So I said, 'Mademoiselle, if a prisoner one must be, methinks it were better to succumb to you than to many another whom I have seen: better to fall into your hands than into those of the English.' To this she replied, looking on me, 'Methinks, even now, to see the captive I would care to take.' I then asked her, 'Supposing she had taken him; would she be too hard upon him; would she make his bondage too cruel to him?' 'Indeed, no,' said she, 'I would do nothing of the sort; I would treat him as kindly as I do my own body.' Then said I, 'He is a happy man, who shall have the fortune to fall into so noble and so gentle a captivity!' What need I say more? she had plenty of wit, and plenty to say for herself, and well too. Yet I clearly saw, by what fell from her, that she knew quite as much as she had any business to know; and, besides, she had a quick and a rolling eye. And lots of talk we had together. And at last, when it came to parting, she let me see that she was ready enough, for she begged me, three or four times over, to manage to come and see her, one way or another. And she was as familiar with me, and I with her, as if we had known each other all our days. And the young lady well knew the errand that had brought us to the house. And as soon as we had left, my lord, my father, said to me, 'Well, what do you think of her, now that you have seen her? you may speak your mind.' So I answered and said, 'My lord, she certainly appears to me to be good, and good-looking, but, with your permission, she shall never be anything more to me than she now is.' And then I told him everything which had occurred to me, touching herself, her manners and her eagerness. And so I did not have her; and this, from her too much lightness, and the too much readiness that I thought to see in her. And, for which escape, I thanked God many a time since; for hardly a year and a half went over, till she got herself into trouble, but whether with reason, or without reason, I do not know. And since she died. And from this, you see, my lovely daughters and my noble maids, how all gentlewomen of condition ought to be of retiring manners, self-respectful, unassuming, small-talkers. They should rejoin with diffidence; nor should they be too ready to understand, or yet anxious, or allow their eyes to be seen about. For, to end the matter, no good comes of it. Many have lost their chances through too much readiness, and of whom one would have expected very other things."

The work is well worth reading, as indicative of the curious changes on the surface of morality from the time in which it was written and the present. Few will be inclined to think that either men or women are much better or worse in their relations with each other than they were in the thirteenth century; but we have certainly managed to put things out of sight which the "Knight of the Tower" had no hesitation in calling his daughters' attention to. Perhaps the most curious part of the work, and which Mr. Vance leaves to some extent unemasculated, is the chapter containing the discourse between the Knight and his wife on loving *par amours*. The Knight was an advocate for encouraging a pure though warm affection between young people with honourable marriage in view. A man is always the better for being a lover. He carries himself in a stately fashion, he is better equipped, more solicitous to excel in arms and in honour; and all this he does to gratify his lady. She is anxious to please him, and by the fact of her inducing him to cultivate so many graces and accomplishments she does the State a good service. The Lady of the Knight demurs to this reasoning altogether. Men are valiant and accomplished to gain their own ends from selfish motives, to win applause, to attain an object of ambition. She tells her daughters not to listen to their father on the subject. He belongs to the deceitful sex. They (the daughters) should

* The Book of the Knight of the Tower, Landry, which he made for the instruction of his Daughters (by way of selection), now Done into English by Alexander Vance. Dublin: Moffat & Co.; London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

never under any circumstances permit themselves to fall in love. If they show a preference to one person over another they must be cautious that that preference is to redound to their advantage and credit. Their affections should never master them. No young woman in love can serve God properly. If she be in church "the pleasing melancholy in which she finds herself infallibly sets her brooding over all her tender love-sick longings and their amorous passages, when she should have been attending to the service which was going on at the time." All this proceeds from the power of a goddess called Venus, "a damned woman, into whom the enemy got, who was marvellous lovely and voluptuous." "It was this same Venus that put it into the heads of the Trojan counsel to send Paris, the son of King Priam, into Greece to find a wife there, which she was to provide for him. And she was as good as her word, for he had Helen, the wife of King Menelaus. And out of this pretty piece of business it came that more than xl. kings and upwards of one hundred thousand persons lost their lives. And all this fell out at the instigation of this goddess, Venus. And a miserable goddess she was too; and that the whole affair was a scurvy trick of the devil is plain enough." And so the good lady advises her daughters, and discourses with them on the infinite dangers of giving away their hearts to any mortal. Men are perjurers also, and "lay themselves out expressly to make up to, and try it on with, all the good-looking women they meet." They will sigh and groan, affecting to be broken-hearted, disconsolate, and all the rest of it; but they are nothing all the while but "base deceivers of ladies and gentlewomen." The true lover is not so glib. He is agitated and silent when in the presence of his lady, and in constant fright and alarm for fear a word to offend her would escape him. If he is really and devotedly attached, the Lady has no doubt but that he would let three or four years elapse without having the courage to tell his secret. Not so the "traitor lover." The tribe are neither "ashamed nor yet afraid to say whatever comes uppermost." If they "are paid off with a slap in the face from one, they look to have better luck next time." The Knight seems no little overcome and dumbfounded by the hard and severe eloquence of his spouse. "Dame," he replies, "you are marvellous wrong-headed and unaccountable; you will not suffer your daughters to love *par amours*. I want you just to tell me why, supposing some good knight or other, admitting him to be a man of substance and one entitled to pretend to their hand, was wanting to marry one of them—I say, why should she not love him?" Then the lady again repeats her maxims, which are not much different from those followed by the sensible mothers of the present time. Indeed, one of the chiefest pleasures to be derived from this work consists in observing what little material change there has been in the spirit of the household and the family since it was written. Even these ladies had to be cautioned against the excessive use of cosmetics, and against fastness in gait and manner. We should be curious to know what became of the Knight's daughters in the end. They certainly were not without the benefit of experience at second hand, and the Knight had prepared them for the worst perils they could encounter by relating precedents of similar struggles.

From a literary point of view, Mr. Vance's translation of portions of this curious old book possesses no value. We have already noticed [LONDON REVIEW, Feb. 8th, 1868], the edition by Mr. Thomas Wright, produced under the direction of the Early English Text Society.

JOHN HALLER'S NIECE.*

"JOHN HALLER'S NIECE" is a nice novel for the hot weather. It is a sort of fictional seltzer-water—cool, pleasant, unexciting. There is no great strength in it; but, on the other hand, one's temper does not get stirred by any gross faults in language, construction, or incident. In fact, there is nothing more stirring in the story than a mild bigamy; and that familiar circumstance is so modestly hinted at, that one forgives its reappearance. "John Haller's Niece" belongs to an almost obsolete school of fiction, which we should not care to see revived except as an antidote against the murderous and obstetric schools. The plot is of the simplest nature, and the evolution of it is apparent from the beginning. The characters are of an ancient and conventional kind; and the incidents possess a similar antiquity. The heroine is the niece of a "gentleman farmer" who has bought some land belonging to a certain Sir Hugh Darrell.

* John Haller's Niece: a Novel. By Russell Gray, Author of "Never—for Ever." Three vols. London: Tinsley.

Sir Hugh, anxious to have his estate made whole again, desires that his son Henry should marry Ethel Haller; but that young lady has already fallen in love with Henry's cousin Victor, a handsome and penniless young dragoon. Victor and she having plighted their troth together, the former departs for his quarters; and, of course, promises to write a series of those letters which are highly interesting to the persons concerned but rather dull to outsiders. Now Henry Darrell is a villain. Whether nature or circumstances made him a villain, we are not told; but a villain he is "of the deepest dye," and, true to his traditional character, he vows to win Ethel's love in order to spite his handsome cousin. We can imagine him coming forward to the footlights and announcing, in tragic tones, that "R-r-revenge shall teach me how to win." His first step is the quite natural—indeed, inevitable—one of intercepting his cousin's letters to Ethel. Then he proceeds to court the young lady; and he is aided in his suit by some one telling Ethel that Victor Darrell means to get married. Young ladies in novels when they learn that their lover is faithless, have a trick of revenging themselves by marrying the person they most dislike—perhaps because they wish to wreak their ill-nature upon the most befitting object. However that may be, Ethel consents to become the wife of Henry Darrell, who, by the death of his father, has become Sir Henry. Victor Darrell is out of his wits (if a novel-hero may be supposed to have any wits) about this sad state of affairs; and considers that the Ethel whom he once considered to be the mirror of all that is fine in maidenhood, is no better than a flirt who has consented to marry his cousin on account of his wealth. Ethel has no such good excuse for her conduct; and, in fact, the reader is constantly puzzled to understand how she ever came to consent to the match at all. But the nearer the marriage comes, the more dissatisfied she is with the prospect. Sir Henry Darrell by this time has conceived a real affection for her; and the reader perceives that this weakness of the principal villain will be the means of punishing him for all his crimes. For, besides the fact that he succeeded to Ethel's affections by a fraud which at any time might be discovered, he has another wife living, a foreign lady who comes to England and vows unheard-of vengeance against him. The end of it is that, in an altercation with this woman, he strikes at her with a riding-whip; but the blow falling on the neck of the horse on which he sits, the animal tosses him off and kills him. By this time an explanation has taken place between Victor and Ethel as to the missing letters, and the old lovers make up for their long silence by a series of interjectional "Oh!"s. Then Victor inherits all his uncle's property, and he and Ethel live happy ever after. Such is the simple story of "John Haller's Niece," which is very pretty in its way, but not very interesting. On the whole, we may speak highly of the writing of the book, which is disfigured by only one fault. Mr. Gray has caught an evil habit of taking the reader into his confidence, and making believe to regard the speeches and actions of the characters as matters beyond his own control. It is a *ruse* which imposes upon no one; and its chief effect is to lend an air of vulgarity to Mr. Gray's style. The reader does not care to have the author constantly coming before the curtain, and saying "You see how my heroine acts. Is she not incomprehensible? Is she not charming? She delights and puzzles me as much as she does you." Mr. Gray would do well to avoid such a constant use of the pronouns "I" and "me" in his books; and if he were to choose a less conventional theme, and make his characters more distinct, we fancy he would produce a more interesting novel.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

A MELANCHOLY but profoundly interesting subject is that which is treated in the first article of the *Edinburgh Review*—"Salem Witchcraft." Towards the latter end of the seventeenth century, the village of Salem, Massachusetts, founded by the Pilgrim Fathers who colonized New England, was seized with a horrible mania about diabolical possession, in the course of which the authorities tortured and hanged a large number of men and women. The witch-trials in England in the reign of James I. were repeated in this distant colony, and for a long while the whole community seemed to be mad with terror, and with the cruelty which terror inspires. Unfortunately, the clergy, who, as men of comparative education, ought to have controlled this dreadful fever, were themselves so much at the mercy of the worst elements of Calvinism and of mediæval superstition that they fanned the flame, and encouraged the worst excesses of the more ignorant. As on all these occasions, plenty of testimony was forthcoming of people who alleged

that they had been hag-ridden and otherwise maltreated by witches; and persons were not wanting who confessed that they had had intercourse with the devil, and had been tempted to bewitch their companions. The celebrated Cotton Mather and other clergymen were mixed up in the examinations and condemnations of these wretched creatures; and the narrative of the whole dreary business is one of the ghastliest chapters of history. The reviewer (who takes for his text an American work on the subject by Mr. Charles W. Upham, published at Boston last year) remarks that recent scientific discoveries in connection with the brain and the great nerve-centres are helping to explain the peculiar morbid condition which inclines people to fancy themselves either witches or bewitched; and his observations on this head are not the least curious part of a very remarkable article. The paper on "English Dictionaries" is suggestive, and evidently comes from the pen of one who has given much attention to philological studies. We have then an essay on "The Apocryphal Gospels," which introduces the reader to those little-known works professing to complete the account of the life of Jesus left us by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. The writer sketches some of the contents of these doubtful Gospels, and shows that they consist of grotesque narratives and undignified fables, evincing a low conception of the character of Christ, and quite unworthy of being associated with the records commonly accepted as genuine. Mr. Robert Lytton ("Owen Meredith") forms the subject of a critical article, in which the poetry of that gentleman is very highly praised; and we next pass on to an elaborate summary of the Wellington Correspondence from 1819 to 1825, published last year by the present Duke. The quotations from that work made by the reviewer, and the abstract of other portions by which they are accompanied, exhibit in a remarkable light the varied powers of the great Duke, his penetration, knowledge of the world, acquaintance with affairs, and mastery of whatever matter he took in hand. They also show in a very interesting way his relations towards the public affairs of Europe during the six years in question, and his changes of opinion with regard to matters of home policy. Of the general effect of the correspondence, the reviewer says:—

"We have quoted enough to show how manifold were the conferences and correspondence on the state of Europe. Largely, however, as these taxed his attention, they did not monopolize it. We have seen how he found time to notice the importunities of unknown petitioners, no less than the solicitations of old and intimate friends. But we have still left unrecorded the immense amount of extraneous business forced on his consideration by almost every department in the State. Military affairs in all their branches, in all parts of the British possessions, were naturally referred to him as the ultimate judge of appeal. Nothing connected with this service appears too complicated for his power of work, or too petty for his knowledge of detail. One day he elaborates a minute on the defence of Canada, another day one on the North American boundaries; then he gives a set of instructions on the Burmese campaign, then another to the Ordnance Commission on North America. Another day he delivers his opinion on the state of fortifications in Mauritius, or on the accounts of a store-keeper in Barbadoes. Then, he sums up the merits of a dispute between the barrack-master and the respective officers in a West-Indian colony, or settles the patrols of the household troops in London. He never seems to grudge any time or trouble in serving his country, or, as he preferred styling it, 'the King's Government.' Whatever labour conduces to this end he willingly undertakes; and though he never obtrudes an opinion unasked, he never refuses one when he is asked. That his views of domestic politics are always just and sound, we, of course, do not admit. But no one can deny that they are always honest, and always consistent with the principles of the Duke's political faith. Regarded in connection with his own theory of government his advice is almost always judicious. And if by chance his opinion is ever founded upon an imperfect knowledge of facts, or a too hasty deduction from them, he never hesitates to reconsider it. This willingness to surrender an opinion in deference to that of another is exemplified in his conversion to Lord Liverpool's judgment on the claims of Sir W. Knighton, then the King's private secretary, to be made a Privy Councillor."

Very amusing, and something more than amusing in its introduction of the reader to a domain of European literature hitherto unknown to this part of the world, is the article on "The Modern Russian Drama." The reviewer possesses the very rare accomplishment of being able to read the Russian language, and he analyzes for us several of the plays of Ostrovski, and even gives some specimens of the dialogues. We are told that "the chief merit of the Russian drama is not to be found in ingenuity of plot. They [the plays that have been referred to] are, in fact, entirely devoid of original contrivances or startling situations. The story generally unfolds itself as the piece goes on with a simplicity which is characteristic of a very tender age in art, somewhat resembling that which marks the dramatic productions of India or China. There is very little composition in the pictures the artist exhibits, which follow each other something after the fashion of panoramic illustrations. But as representations of Russian family life they are not devoid

of interest." We may add that in this sense we are glad to possess a passport to their chief territories. A rather short article on Léon Faucher is followed by an historical paper on "Prince Henry the Navigator." The prince in question was the fifth son of John I. of Portugal by Queen Philippa, daughter of John of Gaunt. He was one of the greatest maritime discoverers of an age abounding in illustrious and adventurous seamen; and the account here given of his perilous explorations is full of the deepest interest. The paper on "New Germany" takes a gloomy view of the prospects of the Teutonic race as affected by recent events. The writer doubts if Count Bismarck will ever be really converted to Liberal principles; he will simply use the Liberals for his own ends, and the reviewer considers that the day of a united Germany is still far distant. Some of his remarks are worth quoting:—

"Spontaneous annexations, voted by the people under the superintendence of victorious bayonets, are always somewhat questionable manifestations of opinion. But how great was the difference between the annexation of Venetia, where everybody welcomed the change, and that of Hanover or the Duchies, where nine persons out of ten were adverse to it! Nor has Prussia hitherto succeeded in assimilating her conquests. She lacks for this purpose the vital warmth and air of political liberty; and her overbearing bureaucracy is little apt to conciliate popular sympathies. Even in Nassau and Hesse, where at first the annexation was popular, much dissatisfaction prevails; and the wretched Elector of Hesse has recovered something of the regard of his countrymen since they have ceased to be his subjects. Secondly, by the annexations the disproportion between Prussia and the other German States has become so great, that even the accession of the South could scarcely establish a balance sufficiently equal to allow of the working of a federal organization. The whole mechanism of the North German Constitution is so complicated that it cannot go on as it is. They have a Federal Commander-in-Chief, a Federal Chancellor, a Federal Council, a Parliament and Federal Ambassadors, by the side of the Prussian Ministry, the Ministries of the minor States, the Prussian Diet, and the provincial Diets, the representatives of Saxony and Mecklenburg. . . . The Prussian Premier knows perfectly well that the *status quo* cannot last, but the real motive of his reserve is the conviction that the crossing of the Main would be equivalent to war. In accepting the division of Germany, he probably cherished the hope of finding ways and means for an arrangement with France, perhaps at first by the surrender of Luxemburg—a point on which more than one hint had been given from Berlin to the Emperor—but that is now out of the question. He did not venture to push things to the extreme in the spring of 1867, even when he was backed by the general sympathies of the nation, and when France was badly prepared; much less will he do so now, when France is armed to the teeth—nay, perhaps armed as she never was before. The Emperor Napoleon knows perfectly well that the Opposition reproaches him with having compromised the interests of France by a policy at once insidious and irresolute. He was obliged to let things go on as long as he was not prepared. He even now does not wish for war. But he is decided not to accept any more slights. He considers himself as the moral guarantor of the Treaty of Prague, of which he was the mediator; and there is reason to believe that he would consider the accession of Baden to the Confederation as a *casus belli*."

The subject of the final article, "The National Church," we have considered in a separate paper.

The article on Garrick with which the *Quarterly* opens is based on Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's Life of the great actor, and is a most readable and pleasant summary of a work which in itself is so long that many persons will be daunted by the mere look of it. The critic does not speak at all favourably of the book reviewed, which he accuses of verbosity, want of arrangement, carelessness, clumsiness, and bad composition. But he has managed to extract from it the materials of an excellent article. The paper on "Indian Railways" is somewhat heavy, but full of valuable information. The writer states that since the days of Lord Dalhousie "eighty-four millions of English capital have been invested in Indian railways, and forty-nine thousand English proprietors of stock and debentures have acquired a direct interest in the prosperity of our Indian administration and in the permanence of our rule." We have then a sketch of the steps by which this triumph of European skill, science, and energy has been introduced into our Eastern dependency, in effecting which much was due to the perseverance and forethought of Lord Dalhousie. Summing up the benefits of the railway system in India, the writer says:—

"It is no small advantage that the transmission of the public despatches has been accelerated three and four fold, and additional vigour communicated to the machine of the State. The Governor-General is now enabled to perform journeys, together with his establishments, in as many days as it required months in the administration of Lord Wellesley and Lord Hastings; and this economy of official time cannot but be regarded as a national benefit. He has likewise the means of visiting every portion of the empire with rapidity and ease, and of obtaining a knowledge of its condition and its wants from personal observation. But it is in the immense increase of security which railways have given to our widely-extended empire that their importance is most conspicuous. The Romans never considered a province fully conquered till they had constructed a highway through it. But what was the political and military utility of their magnificent roads compared with that of our railways in the facilities they afford

for the rapid concentration of troops and the material of war on any point where a revolt may break out. No one will controvert the fact, that if we had possessed, as we now do, 3,500 miles of rail at the period of the Sepoy mutiny, it would have been extinguished in a few months. All those apprehensions which were formerly entertained, even by eminent statesmen, that every extension of the empire diminished its stability and hastened its dissolution, have been dissipated by the genius of George Stephenson. The remotest provinces are as accessible as the nearest; and the garrison of Peshawur, 1,500 miles from Calcutta, can be relieved and strengthened with greater certainty and speed than places only a tenth of that distance thirty years ago. The empire is safer with 50,000 European troops and the rail than it could be with double that number and no rail. It is the simple truth that no dominion of such magnitude has ever been held by a foreign Power, ancient or modern, at such a distance from the seat of authority under circumstances which give such confidence in its durability and permanence. Nor should the effect of the rail on the native mind be overlooked. The feeling of acquiescence in a Government which, though alien, is not in any sense oppressive, and in many ways beneficent, grows stronger with the lapse of time, which abates the desire for change. This feeling is abundantly strengthened in India by the marvels of scientific skill we have introduced, than which not one is more calculated to strike the native understanding with wonder and awe than the rail. As it sweeps day by day, from province to province, it presents to prince and peasant an ever-recurring token of the extent of our dominion, the ubiquity of our power, and the magnitude of our resources."

"Coleridge as a Poet" is an admirable piece of criticism. The essayist has deeply studied the writings and the personal nature of the author of "Christabel," and has revealed them in their strength and their weakness with a touch discriminating and tender, plain-spoken yet reverential. It would have been better, perhaps, if the writer had confined himself more to the poetry of Coleridge, since that is the avowed purport of his article; but the whole paper is good, and the collateral remarks on Wordsworth, Shelley, and Byron are excellent. What the critic says of Tennyson hardly does justice to the powers of our chief living poet; but it is true that Tennyson carries elaborate polish and minute workmanship to a fault, and that he thus sometimes dwarfs the proportions of his imagination. The next paper is on "Gunpowder;" it gives an admirable account of the scientific properties of the deadly explosive, of the mode of manufacture, of the precautions against accident taken at the various powder-mills, of the terrible catastrophes which nevertheless occur (owing either to a criminal neglect of rules, or to the unavoidable dangers of the process), and of recent inventions for modifying the disruptive power of gunpowder without diminishing its propellant force. The idea of the last-named improvement originated with the Americans, was matured by the Russians, and seems now to have been brought to perfection by ourselves. A powder called pellet-powder was experimented on in this country in 1865-6, and was last year recommended as the service powder in particular cases. The pellets are described as being small cylinders, about half an inch in height, and three-quarters of an inch in diameter, with a small hollow or perforation at one end. "Small quantities of pellet-powder have been made from time to time in the Royal Arsenal, and the successful results it has afforded in practice have induced the Ordnance Select Committee to recommend its immediate adoption for all large charges. The manufacture will be carried on at Waltham Abbey on a large scale, and, if the machinery now in course of erection be found to work rapidly and safely, a large supply of pellet powder will be forthcoming, and our artillerymen will have at their command a powder which will exercise the least possible destructive effect on their guns, and yet retain its propellant power uninjured." The paper on "Marco Polo and his Recent Editors" is learned and laborious, but probably most readers will care more about the glorious old Venetian traveller than about the discrepancies in the several editions of his work. Ladies will find much to amuse them in the article on "Lace," and indeed it is an entertaining piece of gossip for either sex, the subject being one which has become encrusted with a good deal of literature and small history. Sir Roderick Murchison's "Siluria" gives occasion for a review of the modern schools of geology, at the conclusion of which the writer thus draws the moral of the controversy that has for some time raged between the leaders of the two great opposing theories:—

"Those, on the one hand, who maintain the all-powerful effects of upheaval and depression, will be led to acknowledge that they have overlooked, almost despised, the less obtrusive forces; while those, on the other hand, who believe in the potency of these surface agents, will be prevented from forgetting that the movements of the earth's crust require to be recognised. When the two schools shall have accommodated their differences, and come to a general agreement, they will be able to join amicably in writing the latest but not the least curious chapter in the long history of our planet—the story of its outer surface. Scenery will be studied by them as a part of their science, not less than the rocks beneath. The outlines of the landscape will form in their eyes as essential a part of the geological investigation of a district as do now the various formations and strata

out of which the landscape has been framed. They will thus open up a new and wide avenue of approach to their science—one which will lie open to every casual wayfarer. They will attract to the study an ever-growing number of followers; they will furnish an increasing source of pleasure to hundreds of readers who have no opportunity of ever becoming geologists; and they will give to geology a fresh and powerful claim to an important share in the science-education of our schools."

The article on "Proverbs, Ancient and Modern," is a wonderful collection of the popular sayings of all times and nations, and is greatly enriched by a set of Talmudic proverbs, now translated for the first time by the author of the essay on the Talmud which appeared in the *Quarterly* of last October, and which attracted so much notice at the time. The only political article in the number—fortunately for all readers who are not of the Tory faction—is one on Ireland, the nature of which may be easily guessed from antecedent productions in the same publication.

The *Westminster* has some good substantial articles, though, as usual, it is a little heavy, and would be the better if it could be somewhat lightened by the occasional interposition of papers of a more popular and anecdotal character. The first essay in the present number is on "British Rule in India:" it is written by one who has himself resided for several years in Hindostan, and shows marks of observation and knowledge. In the opinion of the writer, our government of India has been attended by some excellent results, notwithstanding the mistakes which have occasionally been committed. He believes that the natives are being educated by us to a higher life than they have yet led, and he anticipates the day when the people will be enrolled in the commonwealth of free nations, though, he warns us, they will not be able to maintain their position as such against foreign invasions from the north (possibly a Russian invasion) if we quench the military spirit of the race. The native soldiers, he thinks, are to be trusted, and he points to the admirable military qualities they have exhibited on many occasions. Dr. Davidson's "Introduction to the New Testament"—a somewhat heterodox work—is very favourably reviewed in another article, and "Co-operation applied to the Dwellings of the People" is the subject of a third. The latter is more especially concerned in the movement at Edinburgh for providing the poorer classes with better houses, and the writer (who speaks from actual knowledge) gives a very hopeful account of the progress that has been made. The paper on "Nitro-Glycerine" is a good piece of scientific writing; but the statement that this terrible explosive is less dangerous in storage, conveyance, and use (supposing proper precautions to be taken) than gunpowder or gun-cotton, is certainly not in harmony with the recent decision of the Belgian Government to exclude it—at least temporarily—from Belgium, because no means have yet been devised for keeping it with safety. This is followed by a consideration of "The Marriage Laws of the United Kingdom," the further reform of which, so as to make them more in accordance with modern ideas, is advocated. The article on "The Incas" is very interesting: it is a most attractive summary of our knowledge of a singular and in some respects a great people, whose fate is among the most mournful in history. "Church and State" is an article full of thought and reading, advocating the freedom of religion; and the concluding paper is a criticism on "The Spanish Gypsy," which in some respects is rather severely handled, though the reviewer thinks "it must ever hold a high place in the literature of the nineteenth century," but rather for its philosophy than for its poetry.

The new number of the *Dublin Review* contains several interesting articles, independent of the special line of thought which may be expected from so Ultramontane a source. Mr. Renouf's pamphlet on Pope Honorius is discussed with a temperance of language which contrasts favourably with the pamphleteer's angry phraseology; and we shall be anxious to see what answer he will make to objections which, judiciously considered, do not answer themselves. "Le Récit d'une Sœur" is an intensely interesting exposition of a devoted life, which Protestants will be quite as ready to admire as Roman Catholics; and in "Female Life in Prison" we are pleased to see a testimony, equally eloquent and generous, to the labours of Elizabeth Fry. "The successful result," says the writer, "worked out of these unpromising materials [the female prisoners in Newgate] may in great measure be attributed to the instinctive tact and quiet observation of character possessed by Mrs. Fry; but far more, we believe, to the large amount of hope and charity which she brought to bear upon the most apparently hopeless and reprobate. She never despaired of any; she believed the best of all, and consequently she treated all with a real respect and confidence which excited them to

deserve her good opinion, and roused within them a long-lost sense of responsibility and a long-forgotten sentiment of self-respect." The *Review* also contains an able and interesting paper upon "Glastonbury;" and the "Notices of Books" are, as usual, observable for the learning and literary culture for which the *Green Quarterly* is distinguished.

Our notice of the *British Quarterly* and the *North British* we must postpone till next week.

SHORT NOTICES.

Practical Essays on Education. By Thomas Markby, M.A. (Strahan & Co.)

This work consists of a collection of papers, which, with one exception, have already appeared in the *Contemporary Review*, and are now reprinted, with "some alterations and some considerable additions." The papers are based principally on the "Report of her Majesty's Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Revenues and Management of certain Colleges and Schools, and the studies pursued therein." Their value consists in the fact that they trace clearly the main points of a report which not one person in a hundred thousand has read or ever will read, and present, within readable compass, a fair picture of the present state of education, the use and abuse of the funds available for educational purposes, and so on. The paper on the Education of Women stands on its own ground, and is perhaps the most interesting paper in the book. The conclusion the reader draws when he has closed Mr. Markby's volume is that there is much to be done to adapt the education of both sexes to the requirements of the age. And we fear that, notwithstanding all the essays that have been published on the subject, amongst which Mr. Markby's are entitled to stand high, both for their readableness and the judgment they display, this conclusion will be more or less as true ten years hence as it is now.

Erasmii Colloquia Selecta. By E. C. Lowe, D.D. (James Parker.)

One of the best processes for drilling any one in a language, and giving him readiness in speaking and writing it, is translating from the original into one's own language, and then afterwards turning that translation back into the foreign language. It is well known that Erasmus, one of the most competent and ready Latin scholars in Europe when Latin was the spoken language of the learned of all countries, was a great advocate of this system. He wrote with this view a number of conversations in Latin for the use of his godson. Dr. Lowe has brought out these "Colloquies" to promote the study of Latin in Middle Schools, making some slight alterations to facilitate the process of translation and re-translation, and, in particular, to graduate it. We consider the republication of this book in its present form will be quite a boon to young Latin students.

The Thirteenth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses and Epistle VII. of the Heroides. By C. Bilton, B.A. (Murby.)

This Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* and one of the same writer's *Epistles* have often been selected by the Senate of the University of London as the subject of examination in Latin for candidates for matriculation. For the purposes of easy instruction in Latin the *Metamorphoses* are well suited, and to more advanced students these fables have a certain value, as they show the origin of many old superstitions and various classical allusions. Mr. Charles Bilton's edition of these two works, with plentiful notes and a vocabulary, will therefore be welcome to many.

Notes on the Royal Academy Exhibition, 1868. Part I. By William Rossetti. Part II. By A. C. Swinburne. (Hotten.)

Mr. Rossetti is a sympathetic and perhaps over-eloquent critic, but his notes are occasionally distinguished by keen discriminative passages. Mr. Swinburne seems to us to consider pictures as simply things to write sentences about. Very nice sentences they are as a rule, but some ugly characteristics of his style and mind show themselves a little too often. In one place, alluding to Mr. Sandy's "Medea," finding nothing improper to refer to in the picture itself, he discovers a curious fact in natural history relative to toads, which we imagine must have struck the poet as a quaint poetical interpretation of his design. He very forcibly says of the exclusion of this work, that the record of the ill-will of academies has been the record of their impotence.

A Mæso-Gothic Glossary. By the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. (Asher & Co.)

Most glossaries of the Mæso-Gothic language, with which all who are curious to know the history of English ought to have some acquaintance, have either been ponderous and expensive, or else scanty in the extreme. This volume, which is of moderate dimensions and price, has been compiled by Mr. Skeat to remedy this defect. He does not

pretend to originality, but only to having performed a useful task. We may add that he deserves credit for the industry and care he has displayed in carrying out his object. For all ordinary students of Mæso-Gothic it will be quite comprehensive enough.

Aids to Prayer. By Daniel Moore, M.A. (Rivingtons.)

The title of this little volume explains its purport. It consists of a course of lectures delivered at Holy Trinity Church, Paddington, on the Sunday mornings in Lent, 1868. The first lecture treats of the method and parts of prayer; the second, of intercession and giving thanks in prayer; and so on. The subject is obviously unfit for discussion in these columns. But we may say that Mr. Moore writes earnestly, and we have no doubt that many of those who heard him deliver his lectures will be glad to possess them in a collected form.

R. Rothe's Nachgelassene Predigten. Edited by D. Schenkel. (Elberfeld: Friedrich. London: Nutt.)

This is a collection of sermons written by a celebrated German divine called Rothe, and edited by M. Schenkel. The first volume only of this collection forms a ponderous tome, which no doubt will be read with interest by the admirers of M. Rothe; but in England it will possess little or no attraction except for theologians. English clergymen who know German thoroughly—but we fear their number is not very large—might profit considerably by the perusal of this uninviting-looking volume.

Plain Words; a Miscellany for Protestants and Roman Catholics is a miserable little tract full of weak-minded bigotry, twaddle, and ignorance. It is difficult to comprehend how a gentleman could be found to accredit such stuff with his name, as the Rev. Hamilton Magee has done. The writing is as vivid as the compositions of Poet Close, and as charitable as the lectures of Mr. Murphy.

We hear that Messrs. Routledge & Sons have in the press a shilling volume, which will appear in a few days, entitled "Turf Frauds; or, Spiders and Flies," by Mr. Laing Meason, Author of "The Bubbles of Finance," "The Profits of Panics," &c.

We learn that Mr. James Hannay has been removed from the Consulship at Brest to the Consulship at Barcelona. The change may be regarded as a promotion,—the post at Barcelona being much more lucrative than that at Brest.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Adventures of a Strolling Player. Fcap., 2s.
 Aunt Annie's Stories. New edit. Royal 16mo., 5s.
 Bonney (T. G.), The Alpine Regions of Switzerland. 8vo., 12s. 6d.
 Braddon (M. K.), The Doctor's Wife. Parlor Edition. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Henry Dunbar. Parlor Edition. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Bremer (F.), Life and Letters of. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Carlyon (P.), The Devil's Miracles. Fcap., 1s.
 Chalmers (J.), Speculations in Metaphysics, Polity, &c. Cr. 8vo., 4s. 6d.
 Charlesworth (Miss), A Book for the Cottage. New edit. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
 Clarke (C.), Religion and Duty: Discourses. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Cheap (Mrs.), "The Week" Series. New edit. 9 vols. 18mo., 1s. each.
 Cobbett (W.), Advice to Young Men. New edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Collier (W. F.), Tales of Old English Life. 3rd edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Cox (S.), The Quest of the Chief Good. Cr. 4to., 7s. 6d.
 Craik (Georgina M.), Mildred. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Divine Teacher (The). New edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Erasmii Colloquia Selecta. By E. C. Lowe. 2nd edit. Fcap., 3s.
 Evening Rest. By the Author of "Morning Light." 18mo., 2s. 6d.
 Ewald (A. C.), The Last Century of Universal History. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Faulkner (H.), Elephant Haunts, in the Search after Livingstone. 8vo., 15s.
 Fisher (R. T.), The Minster, with Flowers picked in the Close. Fcap., 4s. 6d.
 Fry (H.), Royal Guide to the London Charities, 1868-9. Cr. 8vo., 1s.
 Galt (John), Annals of the Parish. New edit. Fcap., 2s.
 Glen (W. C.), Consolidated Orders of the Poor Law Commissioners. 6th edit. 8vo., 18s.
 Goodwin (Dean), Parish Sermons. 3rd series. New edit. 12mo., 7s.
 Goulburn (E. M.), Objections to the Prayer Book Considered. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Hugo (T.), Supplement to "The Bewick Collector." 8vo., 21s.
 Head (Sir E.), Ballads and other Poems. Cr. 8vo., 4s.
 Isidore (Abbé), The Clergy and the Pulpit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Johnson (G. W.), Gardener's Dictionary. Cr. 8vo., 6s. 6d.
 Ditto. ditto. Supplement to ditto. Cr. 8vo., 1s. 6d.
 Kempis (Thomas à), Imitation of Christ. New edit. 8vo., 1s.
 Ken (Bishop), Christian Year. 3rd edit. Fcap., 6s.
 Lessing (G.), Nathan the Wise.
 Little Roy's Voyage of Discovery. 48 Illustrations, by Frolick. 4to., 6s. 6d.
 Lowe (E. C.), Young Englishman's First Poetry Book. Fcap., 2s.
 Lyra Apostolica. 14th edit. 18mo., 3s. 6d.
 Manual (A) of Pastoral Visitation. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Mildred's Wedding. By F. Derrick. Fcap., 2s.
 Newman (J. H.), Parochial Sermons. New edit. Vol. III. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Noble (Rev. R. T.), Memoir of. By His Brother. New edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Notes on Un-natural History. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Nugent's French Dictionary. By Brown and Martin. New edit. 32mo., 2s. 6d.
 Nursery Rhymes. By Anne and Jane Taylor. New edit. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
 Osborn (Rev. H. S.), The Holy Land: Past and Present. New edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Peabody (E.), Christian Days and Thoughts. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Porta Latina: Selections from Latin Authors. By E. C. Lowe. Fcap., 3s.
 Principles of Organic Life. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Punch. Vol. LIV. 4to., 8s. 6d.
 Roke's Wife. By Kenner Deene. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 St. Gregory, the Illuminator, Life and Times of. By S. C. Malan. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Scupoli (L.), The Spiritual Combat. New edit. 16mo., 1s.
 Spencer (J.), Things New and Old. By R. Cawdray. 3rd edit. Imp. 8vo., 15s.
 Swayne (R. G.), The Voice of the Good Shepherd. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Watts (J.), The Improvement of the Mind. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Warne's Everlasting Victoria Primer. 8vo., 1s.
 Westhall (C.), Modern Method of Training. New edit. Cr. 18mo., 1s.
 Wilberforce (Bishop), Agathos, and other Sunday Stories. New edit. Imp. 16mo., 2s. 6d.
 Wilson (A.), The Ever Victorious Army: a History of the Chinese Campaign. 8vo., 15s.
 Winter (A.), in Corsica. Cr. 8vo., 8s. 6d.
 Wordsworth (Archdeacon), The Holy Bible, with Notes. Vol. IV. Imp. 8vo., 84s.
 Wylie (J. A.), The Seventh Vial. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.